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THE WAY TO KEEP HIM.
THE HYPOCRITE.
THE FAIR PENITENT.
POLLY HONEYCOMBE.

VOL. VI.

SHARPE'S

BRITISH THEATRE

VOLUME THE SIXTH.

the Poet's mind, which, as Dr. Young says, *fire from every spark*, I have not found, even th you have endeavoured to kindle the flame. Co write, as you can act, I should be proud to your commands: but after a long disuse, how I recover the train of thinking neceſsary for humour, incident, and character?

In the place of novelty, permit me to reques *The Way to Keep Him* may be inscribed to You are intitled to it, madam; for your talents made the play your own. A dedication, I at this period of time, comes rather late; but called upon for a new edition, I have retouche dialogue, and perhaps so reform'd the whole, in its present state, it may be deemed leſs unw of your acceptance. It is, therefore, my wish, this addreſs may in future attend the comedy, t main (as long as such a thing can remain) a tr due to the *Genius of Mrs. Abington*, and a of that esteem with which I subscribe myself,

THE WAY TO KEEP HIM.
THE HYPOCRITE.
THE FAIR PENITENT.
POLLY HONEYCOMBE.

31

VOL. VI.

LONDON:
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ILDEN FOUNDATIONS
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BY

ARTHUR MURPHY, ESQ.

LONDON:

PRINTED BY C. WHITTINGHAM,
Dean Street,

FOR JOHN SHARPE, OPPOSITE YORK HOUSE,
PICCADILLY.

1804.

sed, at this distance of time,
anner, to receive an answer to
which you addreſsed to me in
t summer at Yarmouth. In a
ich always belongs to you, you
ain for the stage. You tell me,
ugh the comedies of *The Way*
the Wrong, and *Three Weeks*
ow want more from the same
ıd, you say, by my resolution,
e about ten years ago, to take
ıatic Muse. At the perjuries
overs, Jove laughs; and the
be ready to give me a gene-
omise. All this is very flat-
ng scenes, at the end of five
continue to be a part of the
now to what cause I am to
:s of action, with which you
ıdertake, have given to the
iancy, and even novelty

...command your tongue, Mrs. Musli
put me out. What shall I play?—He will
with his answer in good time. Let his ma
till it suits our conveniency. Nineteen, clubs
shall I go now?

Mus. Have done with your folly, Mr. L
nent. My lady desires to know——

Will. I tell you, woman, my master and I
to have nothing to do with you and you
Twenty, diamonds. [*P*

Mus. But I tell you, Mr. Brazen, that my l
sires to know at what hour your master came
last night, and how he does this morning?

Will. Ridiculous! Don't disturb us wit
nonsense now; you see I am not at leisure.
my master are resolved to be teased no m
you; and so, Mrs. Go-between, you may ret
your came. What the devil shall I play? W
have nothing to do with you, I tell you.

Mus. You'll have nothing to do with us? Bu
shall have to do with us, or I'll know the r
why. [*She snatches the Cards from him*
throws them about.]

haughty critic's direful rage,
, over-ran the stage,
ose, and strove with varied art
ıccesses to the heart,
uneful tribe th' infection flew,
Genius—his petition drew;
is addreſs'd the pit,
ıntitheſis of wit.
poor poets own'd a crime;
mile, they bow'd in rhyme.
ıll were forc'd to beg;
ue was "*a wooden leg.*"

ırdy, manly race appear'd,
llneſs, and no critics fear'd.
ore each curious tint they drew,
the piece to public view:
proportion! just design!

e as false as my master, and give all my dues to
ur Mrs. Mignionet there.
Will. Hush! not a word of that. I am ruined,
efsed, and sent on board a tender directly, if you
ab that I trusted you with that secret.——But to
arge me with falsehood!—injustice and ingrati-
de!——My master, to be sure, does drink an
reeable dish of tea with the widow. He has been
ere every evening this month past. How long
ings are to be in this train, heaven only knows.
it he does visit there, and I attend him. I ask my
aster, Sir, says I, what time will you please to
ant me? He fixes the hour, and I strut by Mrs.
ignionet, without so much as tipping her a single
ance. She stands watering at the mouth, and 'a
'etty fellow that,' says she: Ay, gaze on, say I,
ze on: I know what you would be at: you would
glad to have me: but sour grapes, my dear; and
home I come, to cherish my own lovely little
anton: you know I do, and after toying with thee,
fly back to my master, later indeed than he ap-
pints, but always too soon for him. He is loth to

ACT I.

...rtment in **Lovemore's** ***House.***

)EBOARD *discovered at a Game of Cards.*

go with it! I have turned out seven good?

he cards! tierce to a queen?

! ruined, stock and block: no- don't believe there is a foot- with worse luck than myself.
n.
uel, by Jupiter! Aces against

ourteen: fifteen. [*Plays.*
quality.

ter LOVEM

. My dear Sir Brilliant, I mus

at you. Thou art metamorphosed into

himsical being!

Bril. If your raillery diverts you, go on with

his is always the case: apply for sober advice,

our friend plays you off with a joke.

ve. Sober advice! very far gone indeed. There

such thing as talking soberly to the tribe of lo-

. That eternal absence of mind that poſsesses

all! There is no society with you. I was damn

e company myself, when I was one of the pinin

rd: but a dose of matrimony has cooled me pret

ndsomely; and here comes *repetatur haustus.*

Enter MUSLIN.

Mus. My lady sends her compliments, and beg

know how you do this morning.

Love. [*Aside to Sir Bril.*] The novelty of the

pliment is enlivening—It is the devil to be t

in this manner.——What did you say, child?

My lady hopes you find yourself we

her my compli

well, a

...is certainly returned. The match
...ve concluded privately.—He visits her

...orcing a Laugh.] Oh! no that can't be;
...Etheridge loves parade. I cannot help
...The jealousy of you lovers is for ever
...o phantoms to torment yourselves. My
...illiant, wait for realities; there are
...e, and you may teach your fancy to be
...ive you no further trouble.
...ay, don't let your fancy run away
...at I tell you, is the real truth.
...f it be true, and if Lord Etheridge is
...d to marry, do you go to France not
...ou will have the best of the bargain.

Enter WILLIAM.

...ful Constant is in his chariot at the
...treet, and if your honour is at lei-
...pon you.
I sent him word I shou...
...me as soon ...
...ins...

back into himself.

But with all his faults, he

There;—his chariot's at the door.

Constant, you mean, has fits of

ve you made any progress there?

ell from you, who are the formida-

uarter.

no; positively, no pretence, no co-

now that you have made advances?

nces! I pity my Lady Constant,

at's generous—hush! I hear him

liant, I admire your amorous cha-

BASHFUL CONSTANT.

Lovemore, I have taken the liberty

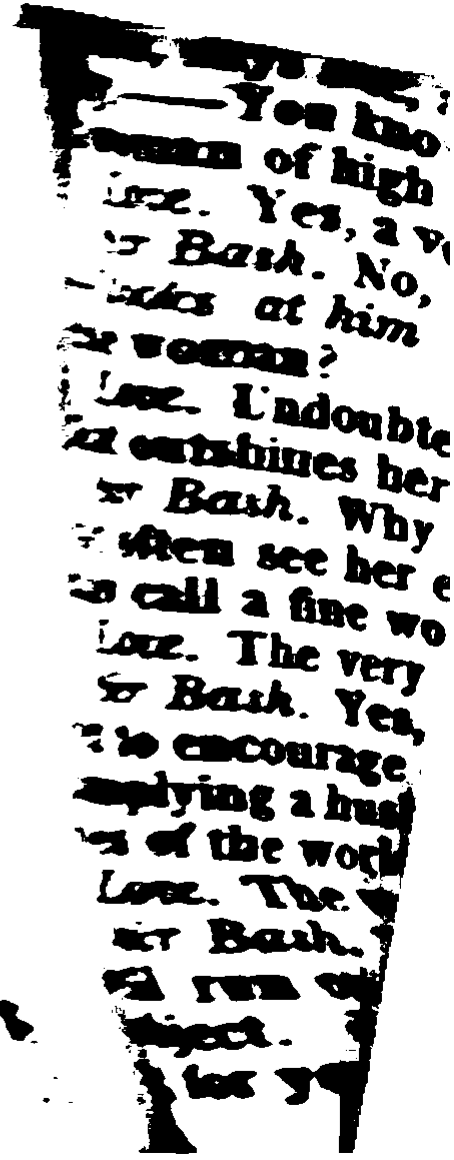
be busy, and I intrude perhaps.

means: walk in, Sir Bashful.

rilliant, I am glad to see you.

[*Bows awkwardly.*

me honour, sir. I hope you left



[illegible]. Sir Bashful, I kiſs

[*Exit.*

. I am glad he is gone. I have some-
Lovemore, that I want to advise with you

ve you?

. I have had another brush with my

m sorry for it, Sir Bashful.——[*Aside.*] I
y glad of it.

. Pretty warm the quarrel was. She took
tone. Sir Bashful, says she, I wonder
grace yourself at this rate. You know
ey is not sufficient. The mercer and
lunning me! I can't go on after this fa-
he, and then something about her qua-
know Mr. Lovemore, [*smiling.*] she is
gh quality.

very fine woman.

o, no, no; not much of that—and yet
and smiles.] Do you think

it a dose of —— repeated
ely; and here comes

Enter MUSLIN.

My lady sends her compliments, and begs to
ow you do this morning.
. [*Aside to Sir Bril.*] The novelty of the com-
it is enlivening—It is the devil to be teased
manner.——What did you say, child?
s. My lady hopes you find yourself well this
ing.
pe. Ay, your lady:—give her my compliments,
tell her—and tell her I hope she is well, and——
[*Yawns.*

Mus. She begs you won't think of going out with-
seeing her.
ove. To be sure she has such variety every time
sees her—my head aches woefully—tell your
y—I shall be glad to see her; I'll wait on her—
awns.] tell her what you will.
Mus. A brute!—I shall let my lady know, sir.
[*Exit.*

Love. My dear Sir Brilliant, you see me an exam-
before your eyes. Put the widow Bellmet out
your head, and let my Lord Etheridge be the
for you.

Bril. Positively no; my pride is picqued.

Enter WILLIAM.

Will. Sir Bashful Constant is in his chariot at the upper end of the street, and if your honour is at leisure, he will wait upon you.

Love. Have not I sent him word I should be at home? Let him come as soon as he will. [*Exit William.*] Another instance, Sir Brilliant, to deter you from all thoughts of matrimony.

Sir Bril. Po! hang him; he is no precedent for me. A younger brother, who lived in middling life, comes to a title and an estate on the death of a consumptive baronet; marries a woman of quality, and now carries the primitive ideas of his narrow education *into* high life. Don't you remember *when he had* chambers in Fig-tree-court, and used *to saunter* and lounge away his time in Temple-*coffee-houses?* The fellow is as dull as a bill in Chancery.

Love. But he is improved since that time.

Sir Bril. Impossible; don't you see how he on He knows nothing of the world; if his meet yours, he blushes up to his ears, and

Sir Bril. And so, fearing to be ridicu
comes substantially so every moment.

Love. Even so, and if you look at him
back from your observation, casting a sl
lous eye all around him, like Miſs Bu
country village, awkwardly endeavouring
what the increase of her shape discovers t
parish.

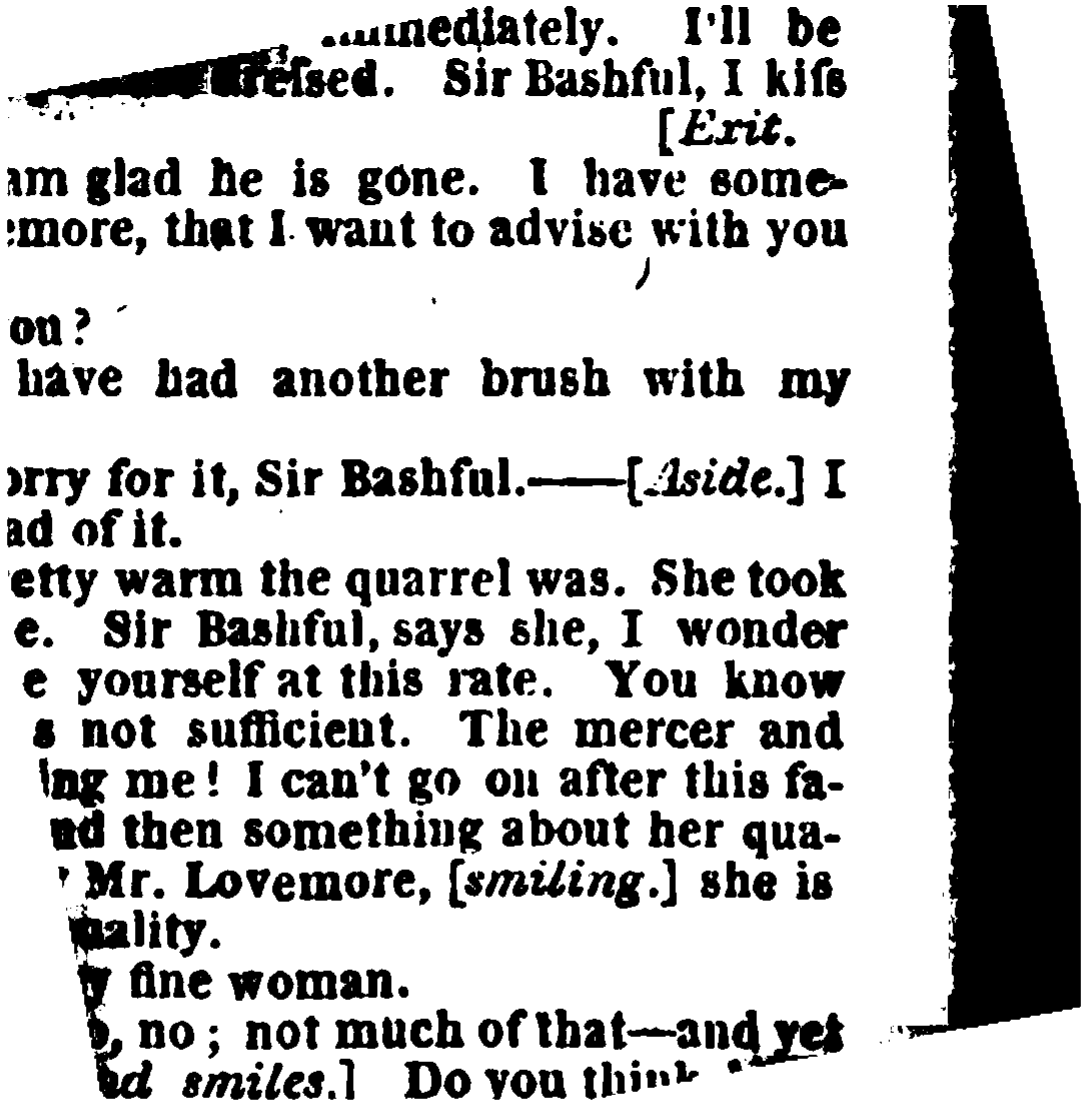
Sir Bril. And then his behaviour to hi

Love. Why, as to that point, I don't thin
her. His fear of ridicule may be at the b
has strange notions about the dignity of a
There is a secret, which he would fain te
yet he is shy, and he hints, and he hesi
then he retreats back into himself. and
where he began. But with all his faults,
of good-nature.—There;—his chariot's at

Sir Bril. Lady Constant, you mean, I
good-nature. Have you made any progre

Love. That's well from you, who are th
ble man in that quarter.

Sir Bril. Oh! no; positively, no preten



...mediately. I'll be
...ressed. Sir Bashful, I kiss
[*Exit.*

am glad he is gone. I have some-
more, that I want to advise with you

ou?

have had another brush with my

orry for it, Sir Bashful.——[*Aside.*] I
ad of it.

etty warm the quarrel was. She took
e. Sir Bashful, says she, I wonder
e yourself at this rate. You know
s not sufficient. The mercer and
ng me! I can't go on after this fa-
nd then something about her qua-
Mr. Lovemore, [*smiling.*] she is
uality.
y fine woman.
, no; not much of that—and yet
d smiles.] Do you think

hem, no, by Jingo, no more than
heir husbands.

ove. At what a rate you run on!

It is enough to make a body run on. If
dy thought like you, ma'am——

Love. If every body loved like me!

A brafs thimble for love, if it is not return-
ove. What the deuce is here to do? Love
is something: but to love alone, where's
d of that? Shall I go and fix my heart upon
who shall despise me for that very reason?
, says he, 'Poor fool! I see she adores me.
man is well enough, only she has one incon-
circumstance about her; I am married to
d marriage is the devil.'

Love. Will you have done?

I have not half done, ma'am. And when
man goes a rogueing, he smiles impudently
r face, 'and I am going to the chocolate
my dear; amuse yourself in the mean time
.' Fie upon 'em! I know 'em all. Gi
will enlarge the circle of my h

now it is. He does not care a
is wife.
ertinence!——Well, Sir Bashful.
oes not value her a pinch of snuff.
n all attention. [*Aside.*
es not signify. A foolish affair;
l.
unkind. It will be no trouble.
well, I—I—Do you think Muslin
i?
ble. Come, we are safe.
t know but—let me ask you a
ive you any regard for your lady?
t value for her. But then you
—
—I repose it with you. You
vemore, as I told you, I am at
natured, and though it may be
terrupted again.

Sir BRILLIANT.

defence. Only hear.—You will please to
Gentlemen of the Jury, that Mr. Lovemore
minor, nor I his guardian. He loves gaiety,
and enjoyment: is it my fault? He is pos
talents and a taste for pleasure, which he kn
to gratify: can I restrain him? He knows th
makes the most of life, and plucks the fl
grows around him: am I to blame? Thi
whole affair.—How say you, Gentlemen of t
—Not guilty. There, you see how it is.
cleared myself.

Mrs. Love. Brisk, lively, and like yourself,
liant! But if you can imagine this bantering

Sir Bril. Acquitted by my country, ma'a
acquitted.

Mrs. Love. After the very edifying couns
you give to Mr. Lovemore, this loose strain
the least surprising. And, sir, your late pro

Sir Bril. My late project!

Mrs. Love. Your late project, sir. Not
with leading, Mr. Lovemore into a thousan
of diſsipation, you have introduced him latel
miſtreſs Bellmour. You understand me, si

Act 1.

l kifs your

only friend
[Exit.

most critical
elivered of his

ow could you let

worm it out of

study. Sir Brilliant Fashion is with him: I h
them, as I paſſed by the door, laughing as lo
two actors in a comedy.

Mrs. Love. About some precious mischief, I'
ſworn, and all at my coſt. Heigho!

Mus. Dear ma'am, why chagrine yourself ab
vile man, that is not worth——no, as I hope
mercy, not worth a ſingle ſigh?

Mrs. Love. What can I do, Muslin?

Mus. Do, ma'am!—If I was as you, I'd do
him. If I could not cure my grief, I'd find s
comfort, that's what I would.

Mrs. Love. Comfort? alas! there is none for

Sir Brilliant,
[*Exit singing.*

Love. ou of ſe.—You see, madam, that I
of his company.
own habitual to him: he will drive to your Mrs.
uour, I suppose.

Bril. Apropos; that brings us back to the little
y I was going to give you of that lady. What
charge against her? That she is amiable?
d. Young, gay, rich, handsome, with en-
g talents, it is no wonder all the pretty fel-
on their knees to her. Her manner so en-
another! that quickneſs of transition from one
g! that round of variety! and every
ide does so become her; and she has such
eart, and with an air of giddineſs so nice
!

e. Mighty well, sir: she is a very vestal.
portrait. A vestal from your school of
ust be a curiosity.—But how comes it,
this wonder, that your honourable pro-
an end there?
ompulsion, ma'am: it is
ridge is the hap
kingd

think I am to be amused?

Sir Bril. Nay, Mrs. Lovemore, I am now upon my defence. Only hear.—You will please to consider, Gentlemen of the Jury, that Mr. Lovemore is not a minor, nor I his guardian. He loves gaiety, pleasure, and enjoyment: is it my fault? He is poſseſsed of talents and a taste for pleasure, which he knows how to gratify: can I restrain him? He knows the world, makes the most of life, and plucks the fruit that grows around him: am I to blame? This is the whole affair.—How say you, Gentlemen of the Jury? —Not guilty. There, you see how it is. I have cleared myself.

Mrs. Love. Brisk, lively, and like yourself, Sir Brilliant! But if you can imagine this bantering way—

Sir Bril. Acquitted by my country, ma'am; fairly acquitted.

Mrs. Love. After the very edifying counsel which you give to Mr. Lovemore, this loose strain is not in the least surprising. And, sir, your late project—

Sir Bril. My late project!

Mrs. Love. Your late project, sir. Not content with leading Mr. Lovemore into a thousand scenes of diſsipation, you have introduced him lately to your miſtreſs Bellmour. You understand me, sir.

Sir Bril. Ma'am, he does not so much as know the widow Bellmour.

Mrs. Love. Nay, Sir Brilliant, have a care: justify it if you can, or give it a turn of wit. There is no

am!—Are you going out?
Let me hear no more questions: do as

[*Exit.*

way is the wind now? No matter; she
what she'd be at. If she would but
,—go abroad, visit every where, see
w open her doors, give balls, afsem-
sing, dance, dreſs, spend all her mo-
t, ruin her husband; there would be
at: the man would stay at home then
ıer. She would have enough of his
ıo; mope, mope for ever; heigho!
ılin, step to William; where's his
id he come home? How long has
ıe life truly.——I love to be in the
urt. Bleſs me, I had like to have
malet comes to my rout to-night.
stay away: she is nothing but
formal thing won't play higher
How the devil does she think
ing party for her? There is no
ays: nobody plays shilling whist
invite the trades-people: but I
for Madam Marmalet, that I

Sir Bril. Oh!—Gothic to the last degree!

Love. Very true; vulgar and mechanic! [*Both stand laughing.*]

Mrs. Love. Go on; make sport for yourselves, gentlemen.

Love. Ho! ho! ho! I am sore with laughing.—If you, madam, have arranged an agreeable party, for me to be present, it would look as if we lived together like Sir Bashful Constant and his lady; who are always, like two game-cocks, ready armed to goad and spur one another. Hey! Sir Brilliant?

Sir Bril. Oh! the very thing: or like Sir Theodore Traffic at Tunbridge taking his wife under the arm in the public rooms, and 'come along home, I tell you.'

Love. Exactly so. [*Both continue laughing.*] Odds my life! I shall be beyond my time. [*Looks at his Watch.*] Any commands into the city, my dear?

Mrs. Love. Commands!—no, sir, I have no commands.

Love. I have an appointment at my banker's, Sir *Brilliant*; you know old Discount?

Sir Bril. He that was in parliament, and had the ...ge contract?

...ove. The same: Entire Butt, I think, was the ...e of his borough. Can I set you down?

posals are at an end there?

Sir Bril. Compulsion, ma'am: it is not voluntary. My Lord Etheridge is the happy man. I thought he was out of the kingdom; but his lordship is with her every evening. I can scarce gain admittance; and so all that remains for me, is to do justice to the lady, and console myself in the best way I can for the insufficiency of my pretensions.

Mrs. Love. Am I to believe all this?

Sir Bril. May the first woman I pay my addresses to, strike me to the centre with a supercilious eyebrow, if every syllable is not minutely true.—So that you see, I am not the cause of your inquietude.—There is not in the world a person, who more earnestly aspires to prove the tender esteem he bears you.—I have long panted for an opportunity—by all that's soft she listens to me! [*Aside.*]—I have long panted, ma'am, for a tender moment like this—

Mrs. Love. [*Looking gravely at him.*] Sir!

Mrs. Love. And your friend, sir, who l
you—

Sir Bril. He, madam, for a long time—
it, with vexation seen it—yes, he has long
to honour, love, and you.

Mrs. Love. Sir Brilliant, I have done.
my wrongs too much to heart, sir. [*Ri*

" *Sir Bril.* Those eyes that tell us wha
" made of, those hills of driven snow!"

Mrs. Love. Will nobody answer there

Enter MUSLIN.

Sir Bril. Madam, I desist: when you a
humour, recollect what I have said. Y
takes his leave. Sir Brilliant, mind you
her strait-laced virtue will surrender a
dam— [*Bows respectfu*

Mus. As I live and breathe, ma'am,
you, I would not fluster myself about it

Mrs. Love. About what?

Mus. What signifies mincing the matt
to all

visit there: I know it
'll be hanged in my own garters, if
ow not what to do. Let my chair
r, ma'am!—Are you going out?
ie hear no more questions: do as
[Exit.
is the wind now? No matter; she
she'd be at. If she would but
abroad, visit every where, see
n her doors, give balls, afsem-
dance, drefs, spend all her mo-
her husband; there would be
e man would stay at home then
She would have enough of his
ope, mope for ever; heigho!
tep to William; where's his
come home? How long has
truly.——I love to be in the
Blefs me, I had like to have
comes to my rout to-night.
away: she is nothing but
al thing won't play higher
the devil does she think
rty for her?

aun night. The carriage is just now
Who answers there? Sideboard; step
ard. I must know who it is: my wife
company in England. Hold, I must
vants love to pry into their master's

Enter SIDEBOARD.

Whose carriage was that at the door?
Duchess of Hurricane, your honour.
The Duchess of Hurricane? [*Walks*
iles.] A woman of great rank!—what
?
as left this card for my lady.
A card? Let me see it. [*Reads.*] 'The
rricane presents compliments to Lady
e has left the hounds and the foxes,
s that gallop after them, to their own
or the rest of the winter. Her Grace
sdays at Hurricane House for the rest
.'—Make me thankful, here's a card
fs!—what have you there?
cel of cards, that have been left here

All these in one morning? [*Looks at*
may as well keep an inn; may as well
h and Horses in Piccadilly. [*Reads*
Riot—Mrs. Allnight—The Duchess of

's the matter, Furnish?
er, sir?—Nothing's the matter.
t are you about? Where are you
e you to do now?
ll the chairmen they must take Black
flambeau with them this evening,
air to pay visits for my lady.
empty chair to pay visits!—what
le of fashion have got of being intí-
ther!—[*Aside.*] Absurd as it is, I
y wife keep pace with the best of
t it, and yet I like it.—Wounds! I
t by my servants. I tell you, Side-
Irs. Busy Body, that your mistress
ise and hurry, and cards and dice,
nsense, and I am resolved to bear
n't I hear her coming?
s coming, sir.
de and smiling.] She looks charm-
ll her roundly a piece of my mind.
o commands in this house.

r *Lady* CONSTANT.

ls a look.] I could almost give up
look at her.—So, madam, I have
ll of duns again to-day.
bliging creatures, to call so often.
ant?

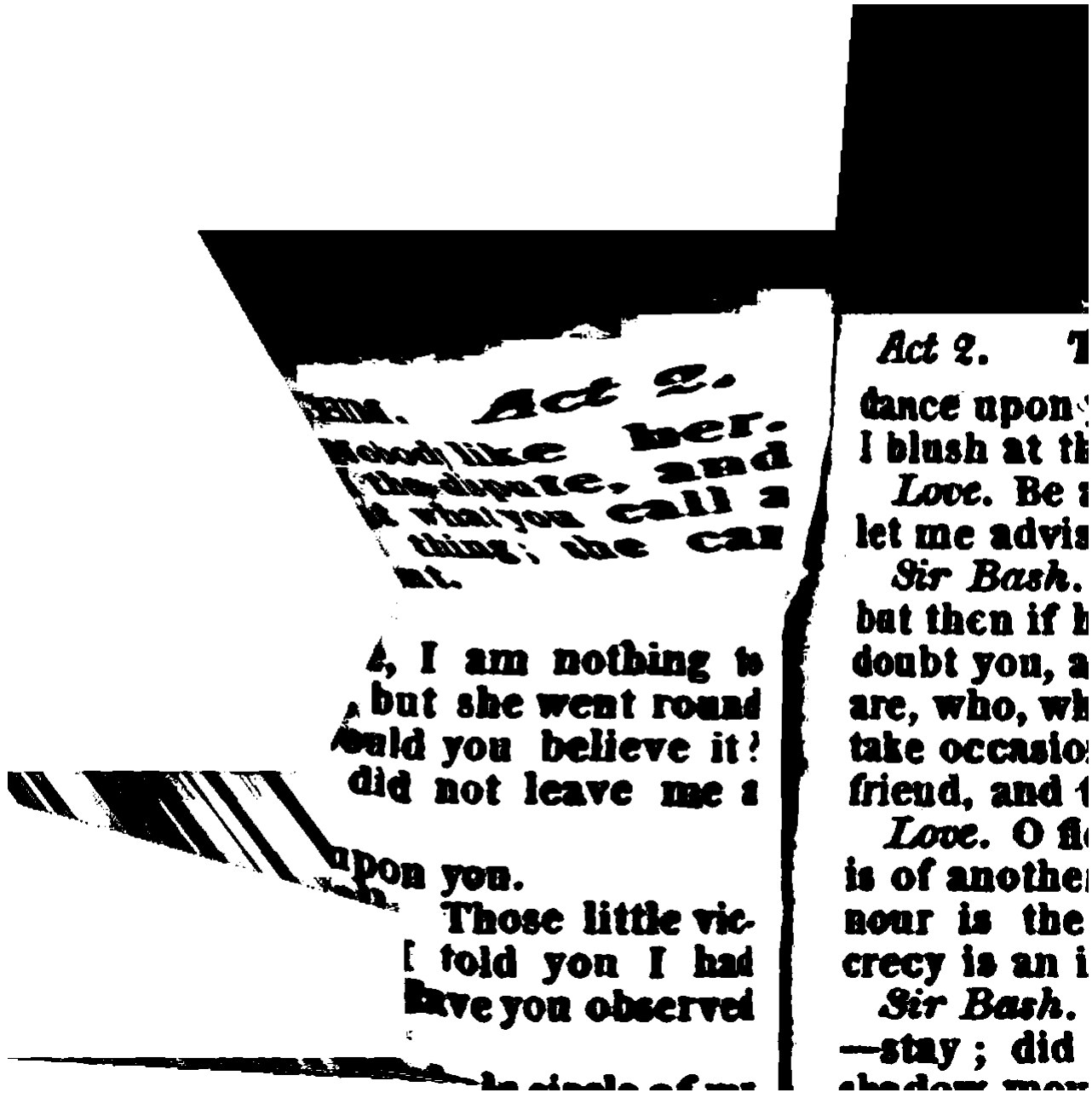
Sot, and get drunk there for a whole mon
Did not I get mobbed at the George an
and pelted and horsewhipped the day
election? And was not I obliged to steal
town in a rabbit-cart? And all this to be
as you call it? Did not I stand up in th
make a speech, to shew what an orator y
ried? And did not I expose myself? I
whether I stood upon my head or my he
an hour together? And did not a great m
Treasury-bench tell me never to speak a

Lady Cons. And why not take his ad

Sir Bash. What in the name of commo
I to do in Parliament? My country! wha
try to me? The debts of the nation, and
debts are nothing to me. I must help t
must I? I can vote against taxes, and
tise in the Gazette to secure me from y
gance. I have not lived in the Temple

Fur. He slept there, and calls it study

Sir Bash. Hold you your tongue, Mrs.
the room. Go both about your busine



his idol of my heart is my own wife.

Love. [*Stares at him.*] Your own wife?

Sir Bash. Yes, my own wife. [*Looks silly, and turns away.*] 'Tis all over with me: I am undone.

Love. This is the most unexpected discovery.

Sir Bash. Look ye there now; he laughs at me already.

Love. [*Aside.*] His wife must not know this. The case is cut under my feet if she ever hears a word of it.

Sir Bash. [*Aside.*] He is struck with amazement, and does not say a word to me.

Love. [*Aside.*] I must not encourage him.—— And can this be possible, Sir Bashful?—In love with your own wife?

Sir Bash. Spare my confusion. I have made myself very ridiculous: [*Looks at him, and turns away.*] I know I have.

Love. Ridiculous! Far from it. Can it be wrong to love a valuable woman? Not to feel the impressions of beauty and of merit were downright [illegible]*bility; but then we should always admire discretion. The folly of us married men consetting our wives perceive the vehemence with we love;* and the consequence is, we

tends to do herself the pleasure of waiting upon you, madam.

Lady Cons. Very well; I shall be at home. Upon recollection, I want to see her. Let the servant wait: I'll write an answer. [*Exit.*

SCENE II. Another Apartment.

Enter Sir BASHFUL *and* LOVEMORE.

Sir Bash. Walk in, Mr. Lovemore, walk in. I am heartily glad to see you. This is kind.

Love. I am ready, you see, to attend the call of friendship.

Sir Bash. Mr. Lovemore, you are a friend indeed.

Love. You do me honour, Sir Bashful. And your lady, how does she do?

Sir Bash. Perfectly well: in great spirits. [*Smiling at Lovemore.*] I never saw her look better: but have had t'other skirmish since I saw you.

Love. Another?

Sir Bash. Ay, another; and I did not bate her an ace. She is a rare one to argue. She is

[illegible] betray you. Be upon your guard: that is my own plan exactly. You want no advice from me.

Sir Bash. Pardon me: you can assist me. My dear brother sufferer, give me your hand. We may in a sly way be of great use to each other.

Love. As how?

Sir Bash. I'll tell you. There are some things which you know our wives expect to be done.

Love. So there are.——[*Aside.*] What the devil is he at now?

Sir Bash. Now if you will assist me——

Love. You may depend upon my assistance.

Sir Bash. Thus it is: my wife, you know, has a power of company, and makes a great figure there. I could shew her in any company in England: I wish she could say the same of me.

Love. Why truly I wish she could.

Sir Bash. But that's out of the question. But if you will come into my scheme—It must be a deep secret—How? Is that Sir Brilliant's voice?

Enter Sir BRILLIANT

unintelligible
ours; [illegible]ensible this morning.
ighten her up for the rest of the day.
Why, as it happens, I have the rarest
to communicate to her. Lovemore,
Amorous la Fool?
at was sheriff the other day? Came
lrefs, and got himself knighted?
e same. He declared he would live
upon the same familiar footing as
new dignities should make no alte-

ve seen the knight. What of him?
devil. He is in such a scrape!
t's the matter? Babbled at play, I

much worse.
een blackballed at one of the

through the body in a duel?
t's a scrape indeed: but it is

en?

nate a discovery; he is fallen
laughing at him.
ove with some

Sir Bash. Oh! a multitude. I'll te
has been plaguing me a long time for
to her jewels. She wants a diamond c
better pair of diamond buckles. Mad
will have no such trumpery; but then
bespeaks them of the first jeweller in
under the rose. The buckles are finis
five hundred! She will have them thi
without knowing from what quarter th
can't but laugh at the contrivance—th
brings them will run away directly, wit
a word. [*Laughs*

Love. Sly, sly.—You know what you a

Sir Bash. Ay, let me alone——[*L*
Lovemore.] And then, to cover the design
when I see her wear her baubles, I can
sion to be as jealous as bedlam.

Love. So you can: ha! ha!—[*Aside.*
may never be jealous of me in good ear

Sir Bash. Give me your hand. [*Loo*
and laughs.] I am safe, I think.

Love. [*Laughing with him.*] Perfe
[*Aside.*]—If it was not for his own folly.

Sir Bash. But I was telling you, Mr.
—we can be of essential use to each othe

Love. As how, pray?

...is with her. ... her now—hold,
an dismiss him. Rely upon my friend.
I make her ladyship easy for you.
It will be kind of you.
hall be her own fault if I don't.
A thousand thanks to you—well, is not
st project?
s the newest way——of satisfying a

ly! let this head of mine alone.
e.] Not if I can help it. Hush!—I
iant; he is coming down stairs. I'll
ortunity, and step to her ladyship

) so, do so.
one. [*Aside.*] Who can blame me
l this fellow? [*Exit.*
)sper you, prosper you, Mr. Love-
e thankful: he is a true friend. I
I should do without him.

ter Sir BRILLIANT.

ashful, how have you managed

e no art, no management. What-

your afsistance. You know my Lady
Modelove? She has a taste for the theatre
Grove Place she has an elegant stage, whe
lect friends amuse themselves now and th
representation of certain comic pieces.
there act the new comedy, but we apprehe
difficulty in the arrangement of the severa
ters. Now you shall act Sir Amorous, and

Sir Bash. I act, sir!—I know nothing o
racter.

Sir Bril. Po! say nothing of that. In
may reach the ridiculous absurdity of it,
it as well as another.

Sir Bash. [*Aside.*] Confusion! he does
pect, I hope—divert yourselves, sir, as y
but not at my expence I promise you.

Sir Bril. Never be so abrupt. Who k
Lady Constant may be the happy wife, t
Sposa of the piece! and then, you in love
and she laughing at you for it, will give
the humour, which every body will relis
most exquisite degree.

Sir Bash. Po! this is too much. You
pleasant, but you won't easily get me to
fool.

this morning, and incomprehensible this morning. She has the vapours; but your conversation, I suppose, will brighten her up for the rest of the day.

Sir Bril. Why, as it happens, I have the rarest piece of news to communicate to her. Lovemore, you know Sir Amorous la Fool?

Love. He that was sheriff the other day? Came up with an address, and got himself knighted?

Sir Bril. The same. He declared he would live with his friends upon the same familiar footing as before, and his new dignities should make no alteration.

Sir Bash. I have seen the knight. What of him?

Sir Bril. Poor devil. He is in such a scrape!

Sir Bash. What's the matter? Bubbled at play, I suppose.

Sir Bril. Worse, much worse.

Love. He has been blackballed at one of the clubs?

Sir Bash. Or run through the body in a duel?

Sir Bril. Why that's a scrape indeed: but it is not that.

Sir Bash. What then?

Sir Bril. So unfortunate a discovery; he is fallen in love—I cannot help laughing at him.

Love. Po! fallen in love with some coquette, who plays off her airs, and makes a jest of him.

Sir Bash. A young actress may be, or an opera singer?

dy Cons. Mrs. Lovemore, to see you —
sity indeed.

rs. Love. As great, perhaps, as that of finding
ladyship at home. Mr. Lovemore, I did not
ect to have the pleasure of meeting you.

Love. Then we are both agreeably surprised.

Sir Bash. Now mind how he behaves. [*Aside.*

Mrs. Love. I thought you were gone to your city-
nker.

Love. And you find that you are mistaken. I
ave deferred it till the evening—[*Aside.*] 'Sdeath!
be teased in this manner.

Sir Bash. [*Aside.*] No, no; he won't drop the
nask. [*Looks at Lady Constant.*] She has touched
ie cash; I can see the bank-notes sparkling in her
yes.

Mrs. Love. If you don't go into the city till the
vening, may I hope for your company at dinner,
Ir. Lovemore?

Love. The question is entertaining, but as it was
—morning, I think it has lost the grace

[illegible] her for the world,
[illegible] than I have.
[illegible] Mrs. Lovemore, since you have, at
ed to come abroad, I hope you will think
for the better. You are too domestic.
ect now to see you often: and apropos,
e a route to-morrow evening; if you will
ıonour of your company——
. A route to-morrow evening! you have
ery evening, I think. Learn of Mrs.
imitate her example, and don't let me
urricane months all the year round in
-Hip! [*Aside.*] Lovemore, how do you

de to Sir Bashful.] You improve upon
, But I am loitering here as if I had
,—My Lady Constant, I have the ho-
your ladyship a good morning. Sir
—madam.
ly to Mrs. Lovemore, hums a Tune,

ide.] He knows how to [illegible]

Bashful!

Sir Bash. Very

own case exactly, and my

Sir Bril. The man is lost, undone,

and buried.

Love. [*Laughing.*] He will never be able to shew his face after this discovery.

Sir Bril. Oh, never; 'tis all over with him. Sir Bashful, this does not divert you; you don't enjoy it.

Sir Bash. Who I?—I—I—nothing can be more pleasant, and—I—laugh as heartily as I possibly can. [*Forcing a Laugh.*

Sir Bril. Lovemore, you remember Sir Amorous used to strut, and talk big, and truly he did not care a pinch of snuff for his wife, not he; pretended to be as much at ease as Sir Bashful about his lady, and as much his own master as you yourself, or any man of pleasure about town.

Love. I remember him: but as to Sir Bashful and myself, we know the world; we understand life.

Sir Bash. So we do; the world will never have such a story of us. Will they, Lovemore?

Love. Oh! we are free: we are out of the scrape.

Sir Bril. Sir Amorous la Fool will be a proverb. Adieu for him the side-box whisper, the soft assignation, and all the joys of freedom. He is retired with his Penelope to love one another in the country, and next winter they will come to town to

think it will end so?

that is always the de-

have not

Sir

will appear so ridiculous to her.

Sir Bash. Do you think it will?

Sir Bril. Without doubt: she has never met with any thing like it: has she, Lovemore!

Love. I fancy not: Sir Bashful, you take care of that.

Sir Bash. Yes, yes; I shall never be the town-talk.—Hey, Lovemore!

Sir Bril. Well, I'll step and pay my respects to my Lady Constant. Poor Sir Amorous! he will have his horns added to his coat of arms in a little time. Ha! ha! [*Exit.*

Sir Bash. There, you see how it is. I shall get lampooned, be-rhymed, and niched into a comedy.

Love. Po! never be frightened at this. Nobody knows of your weakneſs but myself, and I can't betray your secret for my own sake.

Sir Bash. Very true.

Love. This discovery shews the neceſsity of c
ling our loves. We must act with cau

Love. Have you?

Sir Bash. Oh! a multitude. I'll tell you. as been plaguing me a long time for an ad to her jewels. She wants a diamond crofs, a etter pair of diamond buckles. Madam, say vill have no such trumpery; but then goes I espeaks them of the firſt jeweller in town. nder the roſe. The buckles are finiſhed: five hundred! She will have them this very without knowing from what quarter they co an't but laugh at the contrivance—the man brings them will run away directly, without a word. [*Laughs heart*

Love. Sly, sly.—You know what you are ab

Sir Bash. Ay, let me alone——[*Laughs Lovemore.*] And then, to cover the deſign ſtill when I see her wear her baubles, I can take ion to be as jealous as bedlam.

Love. So you can: ha! ha!—[*Aside.*] I w may never be jealous of me in good earnest.

Sir Bash. Give me your hand. [*Looks a Laughs.*] I am ſafe, I think.

see that. ...e it through the very heart of

Bell. Do you?—I don't know what to say
'oor Sir Brilliant Fashion! if I prefer his
hat will become of him?—I won't think

Enter POMPEY.

ell. What's the matter, Pompey?
. lady in a chair desires to know if your
s at home?
ll. Has the lady no name?
es; I fancies she has, ma'am; but she
it.
l. How awkward!—well, shew the lady

ld not you better receive her in the
m, ma'am? I have not half done my
e.

Oh! you have done very well. There
rmality here. I dare say it is some in-
ntance, though that foolish boy does
her name. Here she comes. I don't

nter Mrs. LOVEMORE

Mrs. Love. I shall appear, perhaps, very ridi
lous, and, indeed, I am afraid I have done the mo
absurd thing! but a lady of your acquaintance—y
know my Lady Constant, ma'am?

Mrs. Bell. Extremely well.

Mrs. Love. She has given you such an amiat
character for benevolence and a certain elegant w
of thinking, entirely your own, that I flatter myse
if it is in your power, you will be generous enou
to afford me your aſsistance.

Mrs. Bell. Lady Constant is very obliging. Ma
a trial of me, ma'am, and if I can be of any use——

Mrs. Love. I fear I shall ask you a strange qu
tion:—are you acquainted with a gentleman of t
name of Lovemore?

Mrs. Bell. Lovemore? No such name on my li
—Lovemore? No:—I recollect no such perso
The circle of my acquaintance is small: I am
most a stranger in town.

Mrs. Love. That makes an end, ma'am. I b
your pardon. I have given you an unneceſsa
trouble. [*Going.*

Mrs. Bell. [*Aside.*] Mighty odd this! her mann

Bash. Well, well;—how? what have you

. As I could wish: she is infinitely obliged , and will never forget the civility.

Bash. A thousand thanks to you. I am not pected?

Love. She has not a distant idea of you in this buſineſs. She was rather delicate at first, and hesitated, and thought it an indecorum to accept of money even from a friend. But that objection soon vanished. I told her, it is but too visible that she is unfortunately yoked with a husband, whose humour will never be softened down to the least compliance with her inclinations.

Sir Bash. That was well said, and had a good effect, I hope.

Love. I hope so too.

Sir Bash. It helps to carry on the plot, you know.

Love. Admirably; it puts things in the train I wish.

Sir Bash. And so, to cover the design, you gave me the worst of characters?

Love. I painted you in terrible colours.

Sir Bash. Do so always, and she will never suspect me of being privy to any civility you may shew her.

Love. I would not have you know any thing of my

Mrs. Bell. Why, so much the better. A new l
rikes his fancy. He is inconstant, but after
ering and fluttering, he may settle at last.

Mrs. Love. How light she makes of it! she apo
izes for him! [*Aside*

Mrs. Bell. And, perhaps, the fault is on the
an's side—

Mrs. Love. The virtue of my conduct, madam-

Mrs. Bell. Oh! I would have laid my life y
ould be at that work. But virtue is not the qu
ion at present. I suppose virtue; that is alw
nderstood. The fault I mean, is the want of d
ttention to the art of pleasing. It is there t
nost women fail. In these times, virtue may be
wn reward. Virtue alone cannot please the ta
f the age. It is *la belle nature*, virtue embelli
d by the advantages of art, that men expect now
ays. That is the whole affair: I would not m
yself uneasy, ma'am.

Mrs. Love. Not uneasy, when his indifference d
ot diminish my regard for him! Not uneasy, w
he man I dote upon, no longer fixes his happin

...ce of agreeable talents,
... the art of pleasing.
ove. I am afraid that compliment———
ell. If I judge right, you are entitled to it.
sk you: Do you know this formidable ri-

ove. There, I own, I am puzzled.
ell. What sort of woman is she?
ove. Formidable indeed! She has been de-
me as one of charming and rare accom-
ts.
ell. Never throw up the cards for all that.
advice, ma'am.—You seem to have qua-
may dispute your husband's heart with
but the exertion of those amiable quali-
, may be suppreſsed. Excuse my frank-
should counteract your rival by the very
she employs against you. I know a lady
r very situation: and what does she do?
es herself with unceasing jealousy;
she would exert but half the pains she
ng herself, to vie with the ...

confute all you can say.—I would have you know the Widow Bellmour: you will be in love with her. —My dear madam, have not you a tinge of jealousy?—Beware of that malady. If you see things through that medium, I shall give you up.

That jaundice of the mind, whose colours strike
On friend and foe, and paint them all alike.

ACT III.

SCENE I. An Apartment at the Widow Bellmour's: several Chairs, a Toilette, a Book-Case, and a Harpsichord, disposed up and down.

MIGNIONET. [*Putting Things in Order.*]

...n't well know what to make of this same Lord ...ridge. He is coming here again to-day, I sup-

Sensible, elegant Pope!

Charms by accepting, by submitting sways,
Yet has her humour most, when she obeys.

[*Seems to read on.*

Mign. Lord love my mistreſs! always so charming, so gay, and so happy!

Mrs. Bell. These exquisite characters of women! they are a sort of painter's gallery, where one sees the portraits of all one's acquaintance, and sometimes we see our own features too. Mignionet, put this book in its place.

Mign. Yes, ma'am; and there's your toilette looks as elegant as hands can make it.

Mrs. Bell. Does it? I think it does. You have some taste. Apropos, where is my new song?——— Oh! here it is: I must make myself mistreſs of it. [*Plays upon the Harpsichord, and sings a little.*] I believe I have conquered it. [*Rises, and goes to her Toilette.*] This hair is always tormenting me, always in disorder: this lock must be for ever gadding out of its place. I must and will subdue it. —Do you know, Mignionet, that this is a pretty song? It was writ by my Lord Etheridge. My lord has a turn. [*Sings a little.*] I must be perfect before he comes. [*Hums the Tune.*] Do you know that I think my lord is one of those men who endured

satirical this morning. Pray, my lord,
tures out of repair, like an old house in
that wants a tenant?

Love. Nay, now you wrest my words
visible intention. You can't suppose th
to such perfect beauty the least want
whatever may be the case, ma'am, with r
want of a tenant.

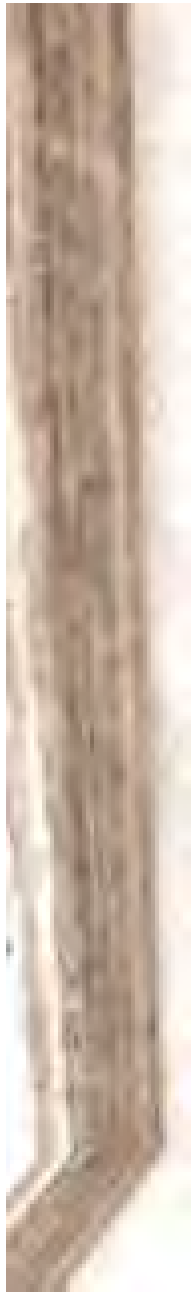
Mrs. Bell. Oh! then your opinion is,
a tenant. And perhaps you think I am g
up a bill to signify to all paſsers-by, th
mansion to be let, enquire of the Widow
I like your notion; I don't think it woul
scheme. Shall I try it?

Love. A palace needs no such invitatio
tural beauty attracts admiring eyes. Bi
bid up to the price? The person who is
it——

Mrs. Bell. Will be happy; I know th
you are going to say. But he must do h
it: and then I will let it to none but a sin
man. Do you know any body whom the
one will suit?

getable, for an hour together, till,
ted to the violent exertion of,
ıcy not, ma'am,' and then a mat-
ıtion! ' Miſs Beverly is going to
ptain Shoulder-knot—My Lord
another tumble at hazard—Sir
lost his election——They say
ming into fashion.'
ter of fact conversation is insup-

ou meet with nothing else. All
bout nothing, and not an idea
to Ranelagh, or to what public
is just the same. A lady comes
charmingly you look!—But, my
u hear what happened to us the
ere going home from the opera—
ıt Roly-Poly; it was her coach.
Lady Betty Fidget—What a sweet
u do, my dear? [*Courtesying as*
y.] My Lady Betty is quite reco-
l frightened about her; but Doc-
called in; no, not Doctor Snake-
; and so he altered the course of
so my Lady Betty is purely now.



to afford me your assistance?

Mrs. Bell. Lady Constant is very obliging. Make a trial of me, ma'am, and if I can be of any use——

Mrs. Love. I fear I shall ask you a strange question:—are you acquainted with a gentleman of the name of Lovemore?

Mrs. Bell. Lovemore? No such name on my list. —Lovemore? No:—I recollect no such person. The circle of my acquaintance is small: I am almost a stranger in town.

Mrs. Love. That makes an end, ma'am. I beg your pardon. I have given you an unneceſsary trouble. [*Going.*

Mrs. Bell. [*Aside.*] Mighty odd this! her manner is interesting.—You have given me no trouble, but my curiosity is excited. [*Takes her by the Hand.*] I beg you will keep your chair. Pray be seated.—What can this mean? [*Aside.*] Will you be so good as to inform me who the gentleman is?

Mrs. Love. The story will be uninteresting to you, and to me it is painful. My grievances——

[*Puts her Handkerchief to her Eyes.*

Mrs. Bell. [*Aside.*] Her grief affects me. [*Looks at her till she has recovered herself.*] I would not importune too much——

Mrs. Love. You have such an air of [illegible] and generosity, that I will open myself to you: I have the tenderest regard for [illegible]: I have been married to him thr[illegible]

thing now but cold, averted, superficial civility; while abroad he runs on in a wild career of pleasure, and to my deep affliction, has attached himself entirely to another object.

Mrs. Bell. And if I had known Mr. Lovemore, do you imagine that my advice or persuasion would avail you any thing?

Mrs. Love. I had such a fancy. [*Aside.*] What can I think of her.

Mrs. Bell. You are much mistaken. In these cases friends may interpose, but what can they do? They recommend a wife to the good will, the honour, and generosity of her husband. But when a woman, who should be esteemed and loved, is recommended as an object of compaſsion, she is humbled indeed; it is all over with her. A wife should recommend herself by the graces of her person, and the variety of her talents. Men will prove false, and if there is nothing in your complaint but mere gallantry on his side, I protest I do not see that your case is so very bad.

Mrs. Love. Can it be worse, ma'am?

Mrs. Bell. A great deal.—If his affections, instead of being alienated, had been extinguished, what would be the consequence?—A downright, sullen, habitual insensibility. From that lethargy of affection a man is not easily recalled. In all Love's bill *of mortality there* is not a more fatal disorder. But *this is not the* case with Mr. Lovemore: by your ac-

rom every beautiful object that comes in his way.

Mrs. Bell. Why, so much the better. A new idea strikes his fancy. He is inconstant, but after wavering and fluttering, he may settle at last.

Mrs. Love. How light she makes of it! she apologizes for him! [*Aside.*

Mrs. Bell. And, perhaps, the fault is on the woman's side—

Mrs. Love. The virtue of my conduct, madam—

Mrs. Bell. Oh! I would have laid my life you would be at that work. But virtue is not the question at present. I suppose virtue; that is always understood. The fault I mean, is the want of due attention to the art of pleasing. It is there that most women fail. In these times, virtue may be its own reward. Virtue alone cannot please the taste of the age. It is *la belle nature*, virtue embellished by the advantages of art, that men expect now-a-days. That is the whole affair: I would not make myself uneasy, ma'am.

Mrs. Love. Not uneasy, when his indifference does not diminish my regard for him! Not uneasy, when the man I dote upon, no longer fixes his happiness

Mrs. Bell. They are so immersed in luxury, that they must have eternal variety in their happiness.

Mrs. Love. She justifies him! [*Aside.*

Mrs. Bell. Your case may not be desperate: I would venture to lay a pot of coffee, that the person who now rivals you in your husband's affection, does it without your good qualities, and even without your beauty, by the mere force of agreeable talents, and some skill in the art of pleasing.

Mrs. Love. I am afraid that compliment———

Mrs. Bell. If I judge right, you are entitled to it. Let me ask you: Do you know this formidable rival?

Mrs. Love. There, I own, I am puzzled.

Mrs. Bell. What sort of woman is she?

Mrs. Love. Formidable indeed! She has been described to me as one of charming and rare accomplishments.

Mrs. Bell. Never throw up the cards for all that.

and fury, and the whole train ...

Mrs. Bell. And the language of the ... sometimes heard upon those occasions.

Love. Very true, ma'am; and if, by chance, they do bridle, and hold in a little, the struggle they undergo is the most ridiculous sight in nature. I have seen a huge oath quivering on the pale lip of a reigning toast for half an hour together, and an uplifted eye accusing the gods for the loss of an odd trick. And then, at last, the whole room in a Babel of sounds. 'My lord, you flung away the game.—Sir George, why did not you rough the spade?—Captain Hazard, why did not you lead through the honours? —Ma'am, it was not the play—Pardon me, sir—but ma'am,—but sir—I would not play with you for straws; don't you know what Hoyle says?——If A and B are partners against C and D, and the game *nine all*, A and B have won three tricks, and C and *D four tricks; C* leads his suit, D puts up the king, *then returns the suit*; A passes, C puts up the queen, *and B trumps it;*' and so A and B, and C and D ... *died about; they* attack, they defend, and all ... *n and* confusion, wrangling, noise, and n...

with your song?

Love. Are you?

Mrs. Bell. Absolutely; and I really think you would make an admirable Vauxhall poet.

Love. Nay, now you flatter me.

Mrs. Bell. No, as I live; it is very pretty. And do you know that I can sing it already? Come, you shall hear how I murder it. I have no voice to-day, but you shall hear me. [*Sings.*

Attend, all ye fair, and I'll tell you the art,
To bind ev'ry fancy with ease in your chains;
To hold in soft fetters the conjugal heart,
And banish from *Hymen* his doubts and his pains.

When Juno was deck'd with the cestus of Love,
At first she was handsome; she charming became:
With skill the soft paſsions it taught her to move,
To kindle at once, and to keep up the flame.

'Tis this gives the eyes all their magic and fire,
The voice melting accents; impaſsions the kiſs;
Confers the sweet smile, that awakens desire,
And plants round the fair each incentive to bliſs.

Thence *flows the gay chat*, more than reason that *charms!*
The eloquent blush, that can beauty improve;
The fond sigh, the fond vow, the soft touch that
The tender disdain, the renewal of love. [alarm

atirical this morning. Pray, my [redacted]
ares out of repair, like an old house in the c
hat wants a tenant?

Love. Nay, now you wrest my words fron
isible intention. You can't suppose that I
o such perfect beauty the least want of
whatever may be the case, ma'am, with regar
want of a tenant.

Mrs. Bell. Oh! then your opinion is, that
a tenant. And perhaps you think I am going
up a bill to signify to all paſsers-by, that h
mansion to be let, enquire of the Widow Bel
I like your notion; I don't think it would b
scheme. Shall I try it?

Love. A palace needs no such invitation.
tural beauty attracts admiring eyes. But v
bid up to the price? The person who is abl
it——

Mrs. Bell. Will be happy; I know that
you are going to say. But he must do hon
it: and then I will let it to none but a singl
——— know any body whom these

of them sits in the room with
able, for an hour together, till,
d to the violent exertion of,
y not, ma'am,' and then a mat-
on! ' Miſs Beverly is going to
ain Shoulder-knot—My Lord
nother tumble at hazard—Sir
ost his election——They say
ng into fashion.'
of fact conversation is insup-

meet with nothing else. All
ut nothing, and not an idea
Ranelagh, or to what public
just the same. A lady comes
armingly you look!—But, my
hear what happened to us the
going home from the opera—
Roly-Poly; it was her coach.
dy Betty Fidget—What a sweet
do, my dear? [*Courtesying as*
My Lady Betty is quite reco-
rightened about her; but Doc-
lled in; no, not Doctor Snake-
nd so he altered the course of
my Lady Betty is purely now.
, and my aunt, and Sir George
an Sir George—finest teeth
ladyship's most obedient—

Love. Ho! ho! you paint to the life. moving before me in all her airs.

Mrs. Bell. With this conversation the stock is exhausted, and away they run Quadrille has murdered wit!

Love. Ay, and beauty too. Cards are enemies to a complexion: the small-pox bad. The paſsions throw themselves i feature: I have seen the countenance of changed, in a moment, to absolute defor little loves and graces that sparkled in bloomed in the cheek, and smiled about t all wing their flight, and leave the face, w before adorned, a prey to grief, to ange and fury, and the whole train of fretful pa

Mrs. Bell. And the language of the p sometimes heard upon those occasions.

Love. Very true, ma'am; and if, by cha do bridle, and hold in a little, the struggl dergo is the most ridiculous sight in natu seen a huge oath quivering on the pale reigning toast for half an hour together. a

[redacted] ?——[*Aside.*] What does she
ast play the hypocrite to the end of the
Play ?—Now and then, as you say, one
ge, and from neceſsity; but from taste,
n, no; I never touch a card.
. Oh! very true; I forgot. You dedi-
ne to the muses; a downright rhyming
ou know, my lord, that I am charmed
ng?
you?
. Absolutely; and I really think you
an admirable Vauxhall poet.
, now you flatter me.
No, as I live; it is very pretty. And
that I can sing it already? Come, you
w I murder it. I have no voice to-day,
hear me. [*Sings.*

fair, and I'll tell you the art,
y fancy with ease in your chains;
fetters the conjugal heart,
from *Hymen* his doubts and his [redacted]

...d not think you ha...

...u are right. I came in quest of you.
...dy. I was drawn hither by mere curio-
...ve had some conversation; and I made
...ent to your purposes. I have been giving
...aracter of you.

...il. You are always at the service of your
But what's the matter? what are you fum-
out? [*Pulls the Hat.*

'Sdeath! have care: don't touch me,
[*Puts his Handkerchief to his Breast.*

...ril. What the devil is the matter?

Oh! keep off—[*Aside.*] Here's a business.
...in the old way: let me pass.—I have had a
Lord Etheridge: he will be out of favour
...widow: I have done you that good.—Racka
...ments, my old complaint!
[*Wanting to pass him.*

...ril. What complaint! You had better sit

...air, the air. I must have a su...
...hall! My Lord Racket...

Mrs. Bell. is unseasonable, and yours is so now. How can you tease me?

Sir Bril. I thought as much.—There are some things that may require to be discussed between us.

Mrs. Bell. Reserve them all for another time. I can't hear you now. You must leave me. There is a lady taken ill in the next room.

Sir Bril. And here has been a gentleman taken ill in this room.

Mrs. Bell. How troublesome! you must be gone. Do you dispute my will and pleasure?—Fly this moment.

Sir Bril. But ma'am—Nay, if you insist upon it—

[*Goes.*

Mrs. Bell. But, sir! I will be absolute: you must leave me. [*Puts him out.*] There, and now I'll make sure of the door.

Enter Mrs. LOVEMORE, *leaning on* MIGNIONET.

Mign. This way, madam: here is more air in this room.

Mrs. Bell. How do you find yourself? Pray sit down.

Mrs. Love. My spirits were too weak. I could not support it any longer; such a scene of perfidy!

Mrs. Bell. You astonish me: what perfidy?

Mrs. Love. Perfidy of the blackest dye; I told you that you were acquainted with my husband?

Sir Bril. I did not think you had been ed here.

Love. You are right. I came in ques I saw the lady. I was drawn hither by m sity. We have had some conversation; an it subservient to your purposes. I have b a great character of you.

Sir Bril. You are always at the servic friends. But what's the matter? what are bling about? [*Pulls t*

Love. 'Sdeath! have care: don't touch [*Puts his Handkerchief to his*

Sir Bril. What the devil is the matter

Love. Oh! keep off—[*Aside.*] Here's a —Taken in the old way: let me pass.—I h fling at Lord Etheridge: he will be out with the widow: I have done you that goo and torments, my old complaint!

[*Wanting to pa*

Sir Bril. What complaint! You had down.

Love. No, no; air, the air. I must h soon. A stroke of a tennis ball! My Lord

sure of the door.

Enter Mrs. LOVEMORE, *leaning on* M
NIONET.

Mign. This way, madam: here is more air
room.

Mrs. Bell. How do you find yourself? Pr
down.

Mrs. Love. My spirits were too weak. I
not support it any longer; such a scene of p

Mrs. Bell. You astonish me: what perfidy

Mrs. Love. Perfidy of the blackest dye;
you that you were acquainted with my husba

Mrs. Bell. Acquainted with your husband!
[*Ang*

Mrs. Love. A moment's patience—Yes, m
you are acquainted with him.—The base ma
went hence but now——

Mrs. Bell. Sir Brilliant Fashion?

Mrs. Love. No; your Lord Etheridge, as
himself——

Mrs. Bell. Lord Etheridge? What of h

Mrs. Love. False, dissembling man! h

ıuppose.

Mrs. Bell. The practised veteran!——Could I sus-
ɔect that a woman, in her style of life, would lend
ıerself to a vile stratagem against my honour? That
ıhe would join in a conspiracy against her own sex?
—Mr. Lovemore shall never enter these doors again
——I am obliged to you, ma'am, for this visit; to
ne a providential incident. I am sorry for your
hare in it. The discovery secures my peace and
ıappineſs; to you it is a fatal conviction, a proof
ınanswerable against the person to whom you are
ɔined for life.

Mrs. Love. After this discovery, it cannot be for
ſe. I am resolved not to paſs another day under
is roof.

Mrs. Bell. Hold, hold: no sudden resolutions.
onsider a little: paſsion is a bad adviser. This
ıay take a turn for your advantage.

Mrs. Love. That can never be: I am lost beyond
demption.

Mrs. Bell. Don't decide too rashly. Come, come,
man who has certain qualities, is worth thinking
. *before one throws* the hideous thing away for
Mr. Lovemore is a traitor; but is not he still
e? *And besides,* you have heard his senti-

Mrs. Bell. Very well then. I have lost a
you may gain one. Your conduct upon this
sion may reform him; and let me tell you th
man, who has it in his power to atone for his
should not be entirely despised.——Let th
exert herself; let her try her powers of pleasin
take my word for it,

The wild gallant no more abroad will roa
But find his lov'd variety at home. [E

ACT IV.

SCENE I. An Apartment in Lovemore's *H*

Mr. and Mrs. LOVEMORE *at Table after*
ner: Servants taking Things out of the Ro

Love. [*Filling a Glass.*] I wonder you
ed of the same eternal topic.
[*Sipping his*

Mrs. Love. If I make it an eternal topic,
your own good. Mr. Lovemore

wisdom destroyed; and your family quite neglec

Love. Family neglected! you see I dine home, and this is my reward for it.

Mrs. Love. You dined at home, sir, because s thing abroad has disconcerted you. You w suppose, after I saw you at Lady Constant's, to old haunt, your friend, Mrs. Loveit——

Love. Mrs. Loveit! ha! ha! I dropt her quaintance long ago. No, my love, I drove int city, and spent the rest of the morning upon nefs. I had long accounts to settle with old count, the banker.

Mrs. Love. And that to be sure engrofsed all time. Businefs must be minded. Did you find at home?

Love. It was by his own appointment. I we his house directly after I parted from you. I been no where else. Matters of account alwa tigue me.

Mrs. Love. I would not be too inquisitive, si

Love. Oh! no; you never are. I staid a banker's the rest of the time; and I came str

asleep] was not my taste. You was lavish
pence; I was, therefore, an œconomist. Fr
moment marriage made me yours, the pleasu
ing from your company——There! fast
Agreeable company indeed——This is ever
[*She rises.*] Unfeeling man!——It is too plai
am grown his aversion. Mr. Lovemore! [
at him] you little think what a scene this
brought to light.——And yet he hopes wit
hood to varnish and disguise his treachery
mean the subterfuge! shall I rouse him n
tax him with his guilt? My heart is too f
proach will only tend to exasperate, and
make him irreconcileable. The pride t
stoop to low and wretched artifice, but
brook detection. Let him rest for the prese
widow Bellmour's experiment may answe
—*I will try it at least.*—Oh! Mr. Lovem
will break my heart. [*Looks at him, a*
Love. [*Talking in his Sleep.*] I do n
not asleep. [*Sleeps and nods.*] You are
—*always right*—I am only thinking a

SCENE II. Changes to Sir Bashful's.

Enter Lady CONSTANT *and* FURNISH.

Lady Cons. Who brought this letter?

Fur. A servant of Mrs. Lovemore's: he waits an nswer.

Lady Cons. My compliments to Mrs. Lovemore, nd I shall wait upon her.

Fur. Yes, ma'am. [*Going.*

Lady Cons. And hark ye, Furnish; have the hings been carried to Sir Brilliant, as I ordered?

Fur. I have obeyed your ladyship's commands. 'he steward went himself. Mr. Pounce, your ladyhip knows, is a trusty body. You may depend upon is care.

Lady Cons. Go, and send Mrs. Lovemore her anwer. She may depend upon my being with her in me. [*Exit Furnish.*] What can Mrs. Lovemore 'ant? [*Reads.*] 'Ladyship's company to a cardarty; but cards are the least part of my object. I *e something of higher* moment in view, and the *ce of my friends* is absolutely neceſsary.' *some mystery* in all this. What does she *shall go*, and then the scene will clear up: *uond buckles* embarraſs me more than

without a grain of ceremony.

Enter Sir BASHFUL.

Sir Bash. Here she is. Now let me see w
she will take any notice of the present I ser
She has reason to be in good humour, I th
Your servant, madam.

Lady Cons. Your addreſs is polite, sir.

Sir Bash. [*Aside.*] Still proud and obstinate
any thing happened to disturb the harmony
temper?

Lady Cons. Considering what little disco
make, it is a wonder that my temper is not
in tune.

Sir Bash. If you never gave me cause, mada

Lady Cons. Oh! for mercy's sake, truce with
I am tired out with the eternal viole
nper. Those frequent starts of paſsion
of my senses: and those unacco
that hold such constant poſsèſsion of
Bash. Whims, madam?—Not to com
every thing, is a whim, truly. Mu
exorbitant demands of your extr

urned the compliment? We have nothing new
; and now, all that remains, is to let the lawy
uce to writing our mutual opinions, and so
part with the pleasure of giving each other
st woful character.

ir Bash. [*Aside.*] The buckles have had no effec
bborn! she has received them, and won't own i

adv Cons. A dash of your pen, sir, at the foot
tain articles now preparing, will make us both eas
[*Going.*

ir Bash. If we don't live happily, it is your ow
lt.

adv Cons. That is very odd.

ir Bash. If you would control your paſsion f
——

adv Cons. Quite threadbare!

ir Bash. I have still a regard for you.

adv Cons. Worn-out to frippery!—I can't be
more. The law will dreſs it up in new langua
us, and that will end our differences. [*Ex*

ir Bash. [*Alone.*] I must unburthen my hear
re is no time to be lost. I love her; I admi

[*Sits down to write.*

Yes, sir. I hope he has an intrigue upon his
A servant thrives under a master that has
te amusements. Love on, say I, if you are
; it will bring grist to my mill.

sh. [*Writing.*] This will surprise her. Warm,
e, and tender! and yet it does not come up
I feel.

What is he at?—I may as well read the news-
Takes it out of his Pocket.] What, in the
wonder, is all this?—Ha, ha! [*Bursts into*
augh.] I never heard the like of this before.
ho, ho!

sh. What does the scoundrel mean?
[*Stares at him.*

Ha, ha, ha! I can't help laughing.

sh. Does the villain suspect me? [*Rises.*]
sirrah, if ever I find that you dare listen at
in my house—

ir!

h. Confess the truth: have not you been
o my conversation with Mr. Lovemore this

[illegible]—But then, if I should get it [illegible]? Po! no more scruples. I'll seal it —Sideboard—

Enter SIDEBOARD.

Sir Bash. [*Sealing the Letter.*] I have my heart to her. What do you bring your stick for?

Side. To go out with your honour's letter.

Sir Bash. You have not far to go. Take t let nobody see you.

Side. I warrant me, your honour. [.

Sir Bash. I feel much lighter now. A load i off my heart.

Enter SIDEBOARD.

Sir Bash. What do you come back for?

Side. A word or two, by way of direction, please, sir.

Sir Bash. Blockhead! give it to me—[*Asid* direct it, he finds me out.—Go about your bu I have no occasion for you: leave the room.

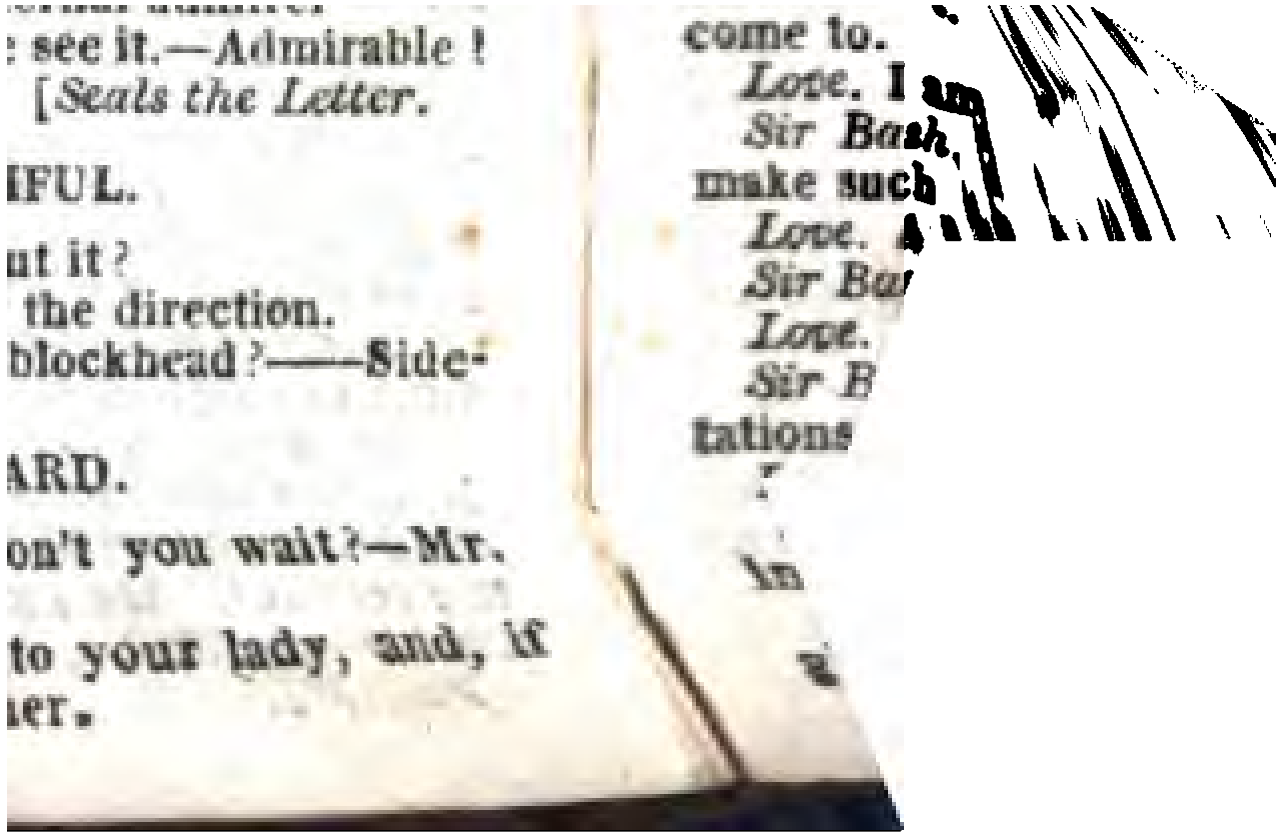
Side. Very well, sir.—Does he think to man

[*Aside.*

She has received the diamond buckles.
elivered to her maid sealed up, and the
aid to be asked a question. I saw them
hand; but not a syllable escaped her.
n the least softened, obstinate as a mule!
manner of conveying your presents was
ged. Why did you not make me the

I wish I had. She talks of parting; and
coming to extremities, I have even
lling her the whole truth at once.
? acquaint her with your paſsion?
Ay, and trust to her honour. I could
o speak; I should blush, and faulter,
; and so I have writ a letter to her.
gned and sealed, but not directed. I
zle about that. Servants, you know, are
their own construction upon things.
ubt: and then your secret flies all over

That's what alarmed me. You shall
rscription, and send it to her


: see it.—Admirable!
[*Seals the Letter.*

IFUL.

ut it?
the direction.
blockhead?——Side-

ARD.

on't you wait?—Mr.

to your lady, and, if
ier.

come to.
Love. I
Sir Bash.
make such
Love.
Sir Ba
Love.
Sir B
tations

ful, I dare answer for her.—I should like to
she receives the letter.—The door is con-
y open.—I will have a peep. Ay, there
e sits.
Where, Sir Bashful?
sh. Hush, no noise.——There, do you see
e has the letter in her hand——This is a cri-
nent: I am all over in a tremble.
Silence; not a word. She opens it.—[*Aside.*]
dear Cupid, befriend me now, and your
l smoke with incense.
h. She colours!
like that rising blush: a soft and tender

h. She turns pale.
he natural working of the passions.
h. And now she reddens again.—What is
?—There, she has torn the letter in two:
ost, an undone man. [*Walks away.*
e has flung it away with indignation: I am
. [*Aside, and walks away from the door.*
. Mr. Lovemore

ıe o
oy a fine woman, who
ıd triumphs in her cruelty?
t is the most damnable circumstance!——
sh. My dear Mr. Lovemore, I am obliged
ır taking this matter so much to heart.
I take it more to heart than you are aware of.
ush. This is mortifying; enough to make one
l all the rest of one's life.
I did not expect this sullen ill-humour.
ash. Did you ever know so obstinate, so un-
ing a temper?

Enter Sir BRILLIANT.

Bril. Sir Bashful, I forgot to tell you——
t. He again! he hunts me up and down, as the
lid the devil, with a dagger of lath, in the old
dy. [*Aside.*
Bril. Hey!—what's the matter?—You seem
out of humour: what does this mean? Have
quarrelled?
r *Bash.* No, sir, no quarrel:—Why would m
servant let him in again? [*Aside.*
but you look very que

supplanted me here too, as well as with the

Sir Bril. What's the matter with you b

Burning with envy!

Sir Bash. And I suppose an elegant epis
well-penned billet-doux, accompanied this
the lady's affection.

Sir Bril. That would have been an agreea
tion, but it is still to come. Too many fa
once might overwhelm a body. A country
fellow, as my people tell me, left this, c
sealed up, at my house: he would not s
whence he came: I should know that in t
all they could get from him, and I am now
to learn from whence this mighty succes
tended me. Sir Bashful, I came, saw, s
quered. Ha! ha! ha!

Sir Bash. But may not this be from so
ho imagines that you sent it, and therefor
reject your present?

Sir Bril. Oh, no; that cannot be the c
the knowledge of the world would soo
you that ladies do not usually reject pr
the man who has the good fortune to

ril. You both seem strangely picqued.——
ore, what makes you so uneasy?
. You flatter yourself, and you wrong me—
[*Walks away.*
ash. He is a true friend: he is uneasy on
ount. [*Aside, and looking at Lovemore.*
ril. And, Sir Bashful, something has dashed
irits. Do you repine at my succefs?
ash. I can't but say I do, sir.
ril. Oh! very well; you are not disposed to
company. *A l'honneur*, gentlemen: finish
oney matters. Lovemore, where do you
he evening?
. A good evening to you, Sir Brilliant: I am
l. Businefs with Sir Bashful, you see——
ril. Well, don't let me be of inconvenience
. Fare ye well, gentlemen. Thou dear
of love, [*looking at the Buckles*] thus let
p thee to my heart.——Sir Bashful, your
[Exit.
sh. *What think* you now, Mr. Lovemore?
ll unaccountable, sir.
h. *By all that's false*, I am gulled, cheated.

[redacted] through all her artifices.
[redacted]on is fixed. If I can but get ocular de-
ion of her guilt; if I can but get the
f proving to the whole world that she is
gh to cuckold me, I shall then be happy.
Why that will be some consolation!
sh. So it will: kind Heaven grant me that
make it plain that she dishonours me,
amply revenged.—Hark! I hear her com-
e shall know all I think, and all I feel. I
e with her for ever.
[*Aside.*] Let me fly the impending storm.
detection and disgrace pursue me.—Sir
I am sorry to see matters take this turn.
ne all in my power, and since there is no
hope for succeſs, I take my leave, and wish
d night.
sh. No, no; you shall not leave me in this
You shall hear me tell her her own, and
eſs of our separation. [*Holding him.*
Excuse me: after what has paſsed, I shall
able to endure the sight of her.

Sir Bash. I desired him to send that le
dam.

Love. Sir Bashful desired me, ma'am.
[*Bowing respe*

Sir Bash. I desired him.

Love. All at his request, ma'am.

Lady Cons. And am I to be made your
I wonder, Mr. Lovemore, that you wou
scend to make yourself a party in so poo
Do you presume upon a trifling mark of
which you persuaded me to accept of this
Do you come disguised under a mask of f
to help this gentleman in his design again
nour, and my happineſs?

Love. [*Aside.*] Fairly caught, and not
bring me off——

Sir Bash. A mask of friendship!—He
friend, madam; he sees how ill I am tre
let me tell you, there is not a word of tru
letter.

Love. Not a syllable of truth, ma'am
This will do: his own nonsense will save

Sir Bash. It was all done to try you, ma

Love. Nothing more, ma'am: merely to

Sir Bash. By way of experiment only:
how you would behave upon it.

, Sir Bashful, I have [illegible]
at your conduct: you have
power of surprising me; but when Mr.
e becomes an accomplice in so mean a

sh. I am in no plot, madam, and no body
ensnare you; do we, Lovemore?
Sir Bashful knows that no harm was in-

sh. Yes, I am in the secret, and my friend
e meant no harm.
If the letter had succeeded, Sir Bashful
ere would have been no ill consequence.
sh. No harm in nature; but I now see
s are; and since your ladyship will listen
for your own good, it is too plain, from
s paſsed between us, that our tempers
means fitted for each other, and I am
art whenever you please: nay, I will

. And that is the only point in which
, sir.
Had the letter been s[illegible]

nse. [*Exit.*

h. Agreed; a bargain; with all my heart.

, I have managed this well.

harmingly managed! I did not think you ich spirit.

h. I have found her out. The intrigue is She and Sir Brilliant are both detected. never suspected that Sir Brilliant was the n. I wish I had succeeded, had it been ortify his vanity.

h. And so do I: I wish it too: but never tter: deny it to the last.

ou may depend upon my secrecy.

h. I am for ever obliged to you. A fool- ! how she stands in her own light!

ruly I think she does. But since I have t with her ladyship, I shall now sound a nd leave matters to your own discretion. tend you. [*Going.*

h. You must not forsake me in this dis-

d your lady proved tractable, I should *ired* how long I had staid. But since ome to this pass, I shall now go and see

[redacted] me what prank you please.

[redacted] [*Going.*

Sh. A thousand thanks to you. And, hark
an serve you with your lady———

I am much obliged to you: but I shall en-
to go on, without giving you the trouble of
me. And, do you hear? assure my Lady
, that I meant nothing but to serve your

[*Exit.*

Sh. Rely upon my management. I can ac-
.—My Lady Constant! Lady Constant!—
chase her from my thoughts: can I do it?
y, love—no more of love! I am glad she
etter. Odso! yonder it lies. It is only
vo, and she may still piece the fragments
I'll pick up the letter this moment: it
r appear in evidence against me. As to
t, his motions shall be watched; I know
deed with madam, and if I can but prove
very body will say that I am ill used by

[*Exit.*

Mrs. Love. I am frightened out of my sense What the event may be I fear to think; but I mu go through with it.

Enter LOVEMORE.

Mrs. Love. You are welcome home, sir.

Love. Mrs. Lovemore, your servant.

[*Without looking at her.*

Mrs. Love. It is somewhat rare to see you home so early.

Love. I said I should come home, did not I? always like to be as good as my word.—What coul the widow mean by this usage? to make an appoin ment, and break it thus abruptly! [*Aside.*

Mrs. Love. He seems to muse upon it. [*Aside.*

Love. [*Aside.*] She does not mean to do s treacherous a thing as to jilt me? Oh, Lord! I a wonderfully tired.

[*Yawns, and sinks into an armed Chair.*

Mrs. Love. Are you indisposed, my dear?

Love. No, my love; I thank you, I am very well —a little fatigued only, with jolting over the ston all the way into the city this morning. I have

[redacted] at home, all whim, vivac[redacted]
spirit.

ve. Ho! ho! [*laughing*] how can you talk so
ear I can't help laughing at the fancy. A
n, vivacity, and spirit! I shall burst my sides
can you banter one so?——I divide my favour
——Oh, heavens! I can't stand this raillery
a description of me!—I that am rather satur
, of a serious cast, and inclined to be pensive!
n't help laughing at the oddity of the conceit.—
Lord! Oh Lord! [*Laughs.*

rs. *Love*. Just as you please, sir. I see that I
ever to be treated with indifference. [*Walks*
s *the Stage.*

ve. [*Rises and walks a contrary Way.*] I can't
his widow Bellmour out of my head. [*Aside.*

s. *Love*. If I had done any thing to provoke
sage, this cold, determined contempt—
[*Walking.*

s. I wish I had done with that business en-
but my desires are kindled, and must be—

Mrs. Love. But I mean the company in the dining-room.

Love. Company in the dining-room!

[*Stares at her.*

Mrs. Love. Yes: I invited them to a rout.

Love. A rout in my house!—and you dressed on too!—What is all this?

Mrs. Love. You have no objection, I hope.

Love. Objection!—No, I like company, you know of all things! I'll go and join them: who are the all?

Mrs. Love. You know 'em all; and there's you friend, Sir Brilliant.

Love. Is he there? I shall be glad to see him But, pray, how comes all this about?

Mrs. Love. I intend to see company often.

Love. Do you?

Mrs Love. Ay, and not look tamely on, while yo revel luxuriously in a course of pleasure. I shal pursue my own plan of diversion.

Love. Do so, ma'am: the change in your temper will not be disagreeable.

Mrs. Love. And so I shall, sir. I assure you

don't like it. [illegible] like that laugh now
ere used to do? For my part, I'm determined
nothing else all the rest of my life.

Love. This is the most astonishing thing! Ma'am
on't rightly comprehend——

Mrs. Love. Oh Lud! oh Lud!—with that import
face! Well, but come! what don't you com-
hend?

Love. There is something in this treatment that I
't so well——

Mrs. Love. Oh! are you there, sir! How quickly
, who have no sensibility for the peace and hap-
s of others, can feel for themselves, Mr. Love-
!—But that's a grave reflection, and I hate re-
on——

Love. What has she got into her head? This sud-
hange, Mrs. Lovemore, let me tell you——

Love. Nay, don't be frightened: there is no
in innocent mirth, I hope: never look so
upon it. I assure you, sir, that though, on
art, you seem determined to offer constant in-
es to your wife, and though the [illegible]
would in some

so: I must begin to look a little sharp after m
I'll go this moment into the card-room, and
whom she whispers with, whom she ogles wit
every circumstance that can lead to— [*Go*

Enter MUSLIN *in a Hurry.*

Mus. Madam, madam,—here's your let
would not for all the world that my master—

Love. What, is she mad too? What's the n
woman?

Mus. Nothing, sir,—nothing: I wanted a
with my lady, that's all, sir.

Love. You would not for the world that you
ter—What was you going to say?—what p
that?

Mus. Paper, sir!

Love. Paper, sir! Let me see it.

Mus. Lord, sir! how can you ask a body fo
a thing? It's a letter to me, sir, a letter fro
country; a letter from my sister, sir. She bi
to buy her a *shiver de frize* cap, and a sixtee
the lottery; and tells me of a number she d
of, that's all, sir. I'll put it up.

ed to do? For my part, I'm determined to
ing else all the rest of my life.

This is the most astonishing thing! Ma'am
rightly comprehend——

Love. Oh Lud! oh Lud!—with that import-
e! Well, but come! what don't you com-
d?

. There is something in this treatment that I
. well——

Love. Oh! are you there, sir! How quickly
ho have no sensibility for the peace and hap-
f others, can feel for themselves, Mr. Love-
—But that's a grave reflection, and I hate re-
——

. What has she got into her head? This sud-
nge, Mrs. Lovemore, let me tell you——

Love. Nay, don't be frightened: there is no
n innocent mirth, I hope: never look so
pon it. I assure you, sir, that though, on
rt, you seem determined to offer constant in-
s to your wife, and though the laws of reta-
would in some sort exculpate her, if, when

that?

Mus. Paper, sir!

Love. Paper, sir! Let me see it.

Mus. Lord, sir! how can you ask a body for such a thing? It's a letter to me, sir, a letter from the country; a letter from my sister, sir. She bids me to buy her a *shiver de frize* cap, and a sixteenth in the lottery; and tells me of a number she dreamt of, that's all, sir: I'll put it up.

Love. Let me look at it. Give it me this moment. [*Reads.*] To Mrs. Lovemore!—Brilliant Fashion. This is a letter from the country, is it?

Mus. That, sir—that is—no, sir,—no;—that's not sister's letter.—If you will give me that back, sir, I'll shew you the right one.

Love. Where did you get this?

Mus. Sir!

Love. Where did you get it?—Tell me truth.

Mus. Dear heart, you fright a body so—in the *parlour, sir—I found* it there.

Love. Very well!—leave the room.

Mus. The devil fetch it, I was never so out in my *life in all my days.* [Exit.

So! so! so! your very humble servant, Sir
Fashion!——This is your friendship for m
You are mighty kind indeed, sir,—but I t
as much as if you had really done me the
and, Mrs. Lovemore, I'm your humble ser
She intends to laugh all the rest of her li
letter will change her note. Yonder s
along the gallery, and Sir Brilliant in full
her. They come this way. Could I but de
both now!—I'll step aside, and who know
devil may tempt them to their undoing.
husband I am; there's the coast clear
madam.

Enter Mrs. LOVEMORE *and Sir* BRIL

Mrs. Love. I have already told you my
Brilliant. Your civility is odious; you
ments fulsome: and your solicitations insu
I must make use of harsh language, sir;
voke it.

Sir Bril. Not retiring to solitude and
ain, I hope, madam! Have a care, my
Lovemore, of a relapse.

Mrs. Love. No danger, sir: don't be
bout me. Why leave the company!
eat you to return, sir.

[Aside.

Go my heart's envoys, tender sighs make haste,—
Still drink delicious poisons from thy eye,—
Raptures and paradise
Pant on thy lip, and to thy heart be prefs'd.
[*Forcing her all this time.*

Enter Mr. LOVEMORE.

Love. Hell and distraction! this is too much.

Sir Bril. What the devil's the matter now? [*Kneels down to buckle his shoe.*] This confounded buckle is always plaguing me. Lovemore! I rejoice to see thee. [*Looking at each other.*

Love. And have you the confidence to look me in the face?

Sir Bril. I was telling your lady, here, of the most whimsical adventure——

Love. Don't add the meanneſs of falſehood to the *black attempt of* invading the happineſs of your *friend. I did imagine*, sir, from the long intercourse *that has subsisted* between us, that you might have *had delicacy enough*, feeling enough, honour enough, sir, not to meditate an injury like this.

Sir Bril. Ay, it's all over, I am detected. [Aside.]

Lovemore. I feel that I have been wrong, and ...t attempt a vindication of myself. We have

been friends hitherto, and if begging your
this rashneſs will any ways atone——

Love. No, sir, nothing can atone. Th
tion you have given me would justify m
upon you this instant, did not that lad
roof, protect you.

Sir Bril. Harsh language to a friend—

Love. Friend, Sir Brilliant!

Sir Bril. If you will but hear me——

Love. Sir, I insist; I won't hear a wor

Sir Bril. I declare upon my honour—

Love. Honour! for shame, Sir Brilliar
and friendship are sacred words, and y
them both.

Sir Bril. If imploring forgiveneſs of t

Love. That lady!—I desire you will n
to that lady.

Sir Bril. Can you command a moment'

emore.
All a forgery, sir; all a forgery.
zsh. That I deny; it is the very identical
y lady threw away with such indignation.
: it in two, and I have pieced it together.
A mere contrivance to varnish his guilt.
ril. Ha, ha! my dear Lovemore, we know
ther. Have not you been at the same work
: Widow Bellmour?
The Widow Bellmour!—If I spoke to her,
o serve you, sir.
ril. Are you sure of that?
Po! I won't stay a moment longer among
l go into another room to avoid ye all. I
ttle or nothing of the Widow Bellmour, sir.
[*Opens the Door.*

Enter Mrs. BELLMOUR.

l destruction!——what fiend is conjured up
Zoons! let me make my escape out of the
[*Runs to the opposite Door.*
ove. I'll secure this pass: you must not
:ar.
Sdeath, madam, give me way.

heartily glad to see your lordship.
[*Taking hold of him.*

Mrs. Love. Do, my dear, let me introduce th lady to you. [*Turning him to her.*

Love. Here's the devil and all to do! [*Aside.*

Mrs. Bell. My lord, this is the most fortunate e counter.

Love. I wish I was fifty miles off. [*Aside.*

Mrs. Love. Mrs. Bellmour, give me leave to intr duce Mr. Lovemore to you. [*Turning him to h*

Mrs. Bell. No, my dear ma'am, let me introdu Lord Etheridge to you. [*Pulling him.*] My Lord-

Sir Bril. In the name of wonder what is all thi

Sir Bash. This is another of his intrigues blo up.

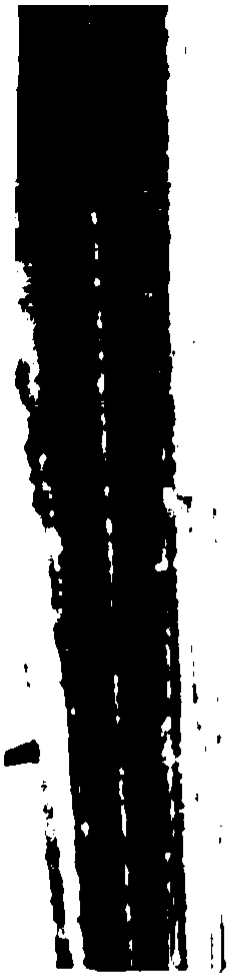
Mrs. Love. My dear ma'am, you are mistake this is my husband.

Mrs. Bell. Pardon me, ma'am, 'tis my Lord Et ridge.

Mrs. Love. My dear, how can you be so ill-br in your own house?—Mrs. Bellmour, this is M Lovemore.

Love. Are you going to toss me in a blanket, m dam?—call up the rest of your people, if you are

Mrs. Bell. Pshaw! prithee now, my lord, let off your humours. Mrs. Lovemore, this is my Lo



quar from me. This discovery is a perfect cordial to my dejected spirits.

Mrs. Bell. Mrs. Lovemore, I cannot sufficiently acknowledge the providence that directed you to pay me a visit, though I was wholly unknown to you; and I shall henceforth consider you as my deliverer.

Love. So! it was she that fainted away in the closet, and be damn'd to her jealousy. [*Aside.*

Sir Bril. By all that's whimsical, an odd sort of an adventure this! My lord, [*Advances to him.*] my lord, my Lord Etheridge, as the man says in the play, 'Your lordship is right welcome back to Denmark.'

Love. Now he comes upon me.—Oh! I'm in a fine situation. [*Aside.*

Sir Bril. My lord, I hope that ugly pain in your lordship's side is abated.

Love. Absurd, and ridiculous. [*Aside.*

Sir Bril. There is nothing forming there, I hope, *my lord.*

ove. I shall come to an explanation with you, sir.

r Bril. The tennis-ball from Lord Racket's un-

left hand.

e. No more at present, Sir Brilliant. I leave

Mrs. Love. I begin to feel for him, and to pity his uneasineſs.

Mrs. Bell. Never talk of pity; let him be probed to the quick.

Sir Bash. The case is pretty plain, I think, now, Sir Brilliant.

Sir Bril. Pretty plain, upon my soul! Ha! ha!

Love. I'll turn the tables upon Sir Bashful, for all this—[*Takes Sir Bashful's letter out of his pocket.*]—where is the mighty harm now in this letter?

Sir Bash. Where's the harm?

Love. [*Reads.*] 'I cannot, my dearest life, any longer behold——'

Sir Bash. Shame and confuſion! I am undone. [*Aside.*

Love. Hear this, Sir Bashful—'The manifold vexations of which, through a falſe prejudice, I am *myſelf* the occaſion.'

Lady Cons. What is all this?

Sir Bash. I am a loſt man. [*Aside.*

Love. *Mind, Sir Bashful.*—'I am therefore reſolved, after many conflicts with myſelf, to throw off the maſk, and frankly own a paſſion, which the fear of falling into ridicule has, in appearance,'

Love. Yes, madam, and those are his sentimen which he explained to me more at large.

Lady Cons. [*Reads.*] 'Accept the presents whi I myself have sent you; money, attendance, eq page, and every thing else you shall command; a in return, I shall only entreat you to conceal fr the world that you have raised a flame in t heart, which will ever show me,

Your admirer,
And your truly affectionate husband,

BASHFUL CONSTANT.

All. Ha! ha!——

Sir Bril. So, so, so! he has been in love with wife all this time, has he? Sir Bashful, will you and see the new comedy with me?

Sir Bash. I shall blush through the world all rest of my life. [*Aside*

Sir Bril. Lovemore, don't you think it a b thing to invade the happineſs of a friend? or to him a clandestine wrong? or to injure him with woman he loves?

[illegible] and seal your pardon.

ove. Terms!——what terms?

frs. Bell. That you make due expiation of yo
t to that lady. [*Pointing to Mrs. Lovemore.*

ove. That lady, ma'am!—That lady has no re
to complain.

frs. Love. No reason to complain, Mr. Lov
re?

ove. No, madam, none; for whatever may hav
n my imprudences, they have had their source
our conduct.

frs. Love. In my conduct, sir?

ove. In your conduct:—I here declare before
company, and I am above misrepresenting the
ter; I here declare, that no man in England
d be better inclined to domestic happiness, if
madam, on your part, had been willing to make
e agreeable.

rs. Love. There, I confess, he touches me.
[*Aside.*

ve. You could take pains enough before [illegible]
you could put forth all [illegible]

Love. Never, sir.

Sir Bash. And will you keep me in countenance?

Love. I will.

Sir Bash. Give me your hand. I now forgive you all. My Lady Constant, I own the letter, I own the sentiments of it! [*Embraces her.*] and from this moment I take you to my heart.—Lovemore, zookers! you have made a man of me. Sir Brilliant, come; produce the buckles.

Lady Cons. If you hold in this humour, Sir Bashful, our quarrels are at an end.

Sir Bril. And now, I suppose, I must make restitution here— [*Gives Lady Constant the Buckles.*

Sir Bash. Ay, ay, make restitution. Lovemore! this is the consequence of his having some tolerable phrase, and a person, Mr. Lovemore! ha! ha!—

Sir Bril. Why, I own the laugh is against me. With all my heart; I am glad to see my friends happy at last. Lovemore, may I presume to hope for pardon at that lady's hands?

[*Points to* Mrs. Lovemore.

Love. My dear confederate in vice, your pardon granted. Two sad libertines we have been. But give us your hand: we have used each other

...ir, don't draw me into a share
y.
ne, come, my dear ma'am, you are not
r share of it. This will teach you, for
lo be content with one lover at a time,
ening to a fellow you know nothing of,
aſsumes a title, and spreads a fair re-
ſelf.
. The reproof is just, I grant it.
me, let us join the company cheerfully,
vn secrets, and not make ourselves the

Ay, ay; let us keep the secret.
t, returning to your fears again? you
ut of countenance, Sir Bashful.
I have done.
your conduct is fair and upright, ne-
f ridicule. Real honour and generous
bid defiance to all the small wits in
In my opinion, were the busineſs of
broad in the world, it might prom-
... the man would ...

Written at the Revival of the Play, by Mr. G

YE fair married dames, who so often deplo
That a lover once blest, is a lover no more,
Attend to my counsel, nor blush to be taug
That prudence must cherish what beauty has

The bloom of your cheek, and the glance
eye,
Your roses and lilies may make the men si
But roses and lilies, and sighs pass away,
And passion will die, as your beauties deca

Use the man that you wed like your fav'rit
Though music in both, they are both apt t
How tuneful and soft from a delicate touc
Not handled too roughly nor play'd on too

The sparrow and linnet will feed from y
tame by your kindness, and come at

A

COMEDY.

ALTERED FROM C. CIBBER,

BY

ISAAC BICKERSTAFF, ESQ.

celebrated character of Tartuffe, in the room of Doctor Wolf.

Mr. Garrick determined to do this about two years ago; but, because the consequence of success would be a benefit easily gotten, he kindly put it into my hands, with some hints for the alteration. He did not think it was necessary to have any thing new, besides a short character for that entertaining comedian, Mr. Weston: Maw-worm therefore in this play is written by me, and scarce any thing more. For the rest, the character of Doctor Cantwell, as it here stands, is almost a verbal translation from Moliere, as old Lady Lambert is a counterpart of Madam Pernelle.

All the world knows, that the Tartuffe is reckoned among the *Chef des Oeuvres* of the French Theatre; I may therefore presume without any vanity, in spite of the ignorance and malevolence of little judges, that the man who takes two such plays as I have had to work upon, could not, under the direction of Mr. Garrick, produce a very bad one; especially if he presumed to foist in little or nothing of his own: And the remarkably kind reception

excellent, that I cannot conceive it posib
actress ever to have gone beyond her. T
natural ease and vivacity in her manner, a
part, particularly, a fashionable deportm
may use the expression) which gives a bri
every thing she says, and has in a very m
manner engaged the attention and applau
town. The latter, in the part of the Hypo
shewn that he is capable of assuming char
most difficult, and at the same time the m
site; and, by each new effort, to add to th
which the public appears to have for him.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Sir John Lambert.

Col. Lamb. PRAY consider, sir.

Sir. J. Lamb. So I do, sir, that I am her father, and will dispose of her as I please.

Col. Lamb. I do not dispute your authority, sir; but as I am your son too, I think it my duty to be concerned for your honour. Have not you countenanced his addreſses to my sister: Has not she received them?—Mr. Darnley's birth and fortune are well known to you; and, I dare swear, he may defy the world to lay a blemish on his character.

Sir J. Lamb. Why then, sir, since I am to be catechised, I must tell you, I do not like his character; he is a world-server, a libertine, and has no more religion than you have.

Col. Lamb. Sir, we neither of us think it proper to make a boast of our religion; but if you will please to enquire, you will find that we go to church as orderly as the rest of our neighbours.

Sir J. Lamb. Oh! you go to church! you go to church!——Wonderful! wonderful! to bow, and grin, and cough, and sleep: a fine act of devotion indeed.

Col. Lamb. Well, but dear sir———

Sir J. Lamb. Colonel, you are an atheist.

Col. Lamb. Pardon me, sir, I am none: I

ties, shew
colours.

Col. Lamb. I always respect piety and
but there are pretenders to religion, as well as to
courage; and as we never find the truly brave to be
such as make much noise about their valour; so, I
apprehend, the truly good seldom or never deal
much in grimace.—"To be candid, sir, I make a
"distinction between hypocrisy and devotion, and
"can never pay the same regard to the mask, that I
"would to the face."

Sir J. Lamb. Very well, sir; this is very well.

Col. Lamb. Besides, sir, I would be glad to know
by what authority the doctor pretends to exercise
the clerical function. It does not appear clearly to
me that he ever was in orders.

Sir J. Lamb. That is no business of yours, sir.—
But I am better informed.——However, he has the
call of zeal.

Col. Lamb. Zeal!

Sir J. Lamb. Why, colonel, you are in a passion.

Col. Lamb. I own I cannot see with temper, sir,
*so many religious mountebanks impose on the un-
wary multitude; wretches, who make a trade of re-
ligion, and shew an uncommon concern for the next
world, only to raise their fortunes with greater secu-*
rity in this.

a lie for the matter, I will go out this moment.

Col. Lamb. Nay, dear sir——

Sir J. Lamb. And, do you hear—because I will not deceive him, either tell him I would not have him lose his time in fooling after your sister—In short, I have another man in my head for her.

[*Exit.*

Col. Lamb. Another man! It would be worth one's while to know him: pray Heaven this canting hypocrite has not got some beggarly rascal in his eye for her. I must rid the house of him at any rate, or all the settlement I can hope for from my father is a castle in the air.——My sister may be ruined too.—Here she comes. If there be another man in the case, she, no doubt, can let me into the secret.

Enter CHARLOTTE.

Sister, good morrow; I want to speak with you.

Charl. Prithee then, dear brother, don't put on *that wise politic* face, as if your regiment was going *to be disbanded*, or sent to the West-Indies, and you *obliged to follow* it.

Col. Lamb. Come, come, a truce with your

ceive any further addreſses from Mr. Darnley.

Charl. Are you serious?

Col. Lamb. He said so this minute, and with some warmth.

Charl. I am glad on't with all my heart.

Col. Lamb. How! glad!

Charl. To a degree. Do you think a man has any more charms for me for my father's liking him? No, sir; if Mr. Darnley can make his way to me now, he is obliged to me, and to me only. Besides, now it may have the face of an amour indeed, now one has something to struggle for; there's difficulty, there's danger, there's the dear spirit of contradiction in it too—Oh, I like it mightily.

Col. Lamb. I am glad this does not make you think the worst of Darnley—but a father's consent might have clapt a pair of horses more to your coach perhaps, and the want of it may pinch your fortune.

Charl. *Burn fortune*: am not I a fine woman? *have not I* twenty thousand pounds in my own ?

Lamb. Yes, sister, but with all your charms, *them* in your hands almost these four

four thousand more, with some small d——t—A comfortable equivalent, truly!—No, no; let him light his pipe with his consent, if he please. Wilful against wise for a wager.

Col. Lamb. Well said; nothing goes to your heart, I find.

Charl. No, no; if I must have an ill match, I'll have the pleasure of playing my own game at least.

Col. Lamb. But pray, sister, has my father ever proposed any other man to you?

Charl. Another man! let me know why you ask, and I'll tell you.

Col. Lamb. Why, the last words he said to me were, that he had another man in his head for you.

Charl. And who is it? who is it? tell me, dear brother!

Col. Lamb. Why, you don't so much as seem surprised.

Charl. No; but I'm impatient, and that's as well.

Col. Lamb. Why, how now, sister?

Charl. Why, sure brother, you know very little of female happiness, if you suppose the surprise of a new lover ought to shock a woman of my temper—don't you know that I am a coquette?

Col. Lamb. If you are, you are the first that ever was sincere enough to own her being so.

Charl. To a lover, I grant you; but not to you: I

him again——

Col. Lamb. Here he comes; be as merry with him as you please.

Charl. Psha!

Enter DARNLEY.——*Charlotte takes a Book, and reads.*

Darn. My dear Colonel, your servant.

Col. Lamb. I am glad you did not come sooner; for in the humour my father left me, 'twould not have been a proper time for you to have preſsed your affair——I touched upon't—but—I'll tell you more presently; in the mean time, lose no ground with my sister.

Darn. I shall always think myself obliged to your friendship, let my succeſs be what it will——Madam—your most obedient—what have you got there, pray?

Charl. [*Reading.*] 'Her lively looks a sprightly *mind disclose;*
Quick as her eyes, and as unfix'd as those.'—

Darn. Pray, madam, what is it?

Charl. '*Favours* to some, to all she smiles extends'—

Darn. Nay, I will see.

her power?

Darn. So that you think the greatest compliment a lover can make his mistreſs, is to give up his reaſon to her.

Charl. Certainly; for what have your lordly sex to boast of but your understanding, and till that's entirely surrendered to her discretion, while the least sentiment holds out against her, a woman must be downright vain to think her conquest completed?

Darn. There we differ, madam; for, in my opinion, nothing but the most exceſsive vanity could value or desire such a conquest.

Charl. Oh, d'ye hear him, brother! the creature reasons with me; nay, has the effrontery to think me in the wrong too! O lud! he'd make an horrid tyrant—positively I won't have him.

Darn. Well; my comfort is, no other man will easily know whether you'll have him or not.

Charl. Am I not an horrid vain, silly creature, *Mr. Darnley?*

Darn. A little bordering upon the baby, I must *own.*

Charl. Laud! how can you love a body so the *but I don't think* you love me though—do you

Darn. What riddle's this?

Col. Lamb. I told you, you did not know all. To be serious, my father went out but now on purpose to avoid you—in short, he absolutely retracts his promises; says, he would not have you fool away your time after my sister; and, in plain terms told me, he had another man in his head for her.

Darn. Another man! who? what is he? did not he name him?

Col. Lamb. No; nor has he yet spoke of him to my sister.

Darn. This is unaccountable!—what can have given him this sudden turn?

Col. Lamb. Some whim our conscientious doctor has put in his head, I'll lay my life.

Darn. He! he can't be such a villain; he professes a friendship for me.

Col. Lamb. So much the worse.

Darn. But on what pretence, what grounds, what
on? what interest can he have to oppose me?
l. Lamb. Are you really now as unconcerned
seem to be?
rl. You are a strange dunce, brother—you
so more of love than I do of a regiment—You

ed it poſsible to have of her.

Col. Lamb. Indeed, my friend, you miſtake her.

Darn. Nay, nay; had ſhe any real concern for me, the apprehenſions of a man's addreſſes, whom yet ſhe never ſaw, muſt have alarmed her to ſome degree of ſeriouſneſs.

Col. Lamb. Not at all; for let this man be whom he will, I take her levity as a proof of her reſolution to have nothing to ſay to him.

Darn. And pray, ſir, may I not as well ſuſpect, that this artful delay of her good nature to me now, is meant as a proviſional defence againſt my reproaches, in caſe, when ſhe has ſeen this man, ſhe ſhould think it convenient to prefer him.

Col. Lamb. No, no; ſhe's giddy, but not capable of ſo ſtudied a falſehood.

Darn. But ſtill, what could ſhe mean by going away ſo abruptly?

Col. Lamb. You grew too grave for her.

Darn. Why, who could bear ſuch trifling?

Col. Lamb. You ſhould have laughed at her.

Darn. I can't love at that eaſy rate.

Col. Lamb. No—if you could, the fault would lie on her ſide.

[illegible] father don't stand in the way, [illegible] enough.

Darn. What says my lady? you don't [illegible] against us?

Col. Lamb. I dare say she is not. She's so sweet a disposition—

Darn. Prithee, how came so fine a [illegible] marry your farther, with such a vast [illegible] years?

Col. Lamb. Want of fortune, Frank: poor and beautiful—he rich and amorous—him happy, and he her——

Darn. A lady——

Col. Lamb. And a jointure—now she's one in the family, that has power with ou doctor; and I dare engage, she'll use it wi persuade my father from any thing that i your interest. By the way, you must kno some shrewd suspicion, that this sanctified in love with her.

Darn. In love!

Col. Lamb. You shall judge by the syn but hush!—here he comes with my grandi step this way, and I'll tell you. [*E*

Enter Doctor CANTWELL.

but the truth is, I am a worthleſs crea-

Lady Lamb. Have you then ſtumbled? Alas, ſo, who ſhall walk upright? What horrid ave you been hurried into, that calls for re ſelf-recrimination?

mt. None, madam, that perhaps humanity very enormous; yet am I ſure, that my never ſtray a moment from celeſtial con- ns; do they not ſometimes, before I am n to things of this earth? am I not often ſurpriſed into wrath? nay, the inſtance for, laſt night, being ſnarled at, and bit your daughter-in-law's lap-dog, I am ſtruck the little beaſt with a degree of which I have never been able to forgive

Lamb. Oh, worthy, humble ſoul! this ence, which your ſuffering and mortifi- ell atone for.

No, madam, no; I want to
ortified; and I am

Old Lady Lamb. No, doctor, no; it is too early; the sun has not risen upon them; but, I doubt not, the day will come.

Dr. Cant. I warrant they would go to a play now.

Old Lady Lamb. Would they?——I am afraid they would.

Darn. Why, I hope it is no sin, madam; if I am not mistaken, I have seen your ladyship at the play.

Old Lady Lamb. Me, sir!—see me at a play! You may have seen the prince of darkneſs, or some of his imps, in my likeneſs, perhaps——

Darn. Well, but madam——

Old Lady Lamb. Mr. Darnley, do you think I would commit a murder?

Dr. Cant. No, sir, no; these are not the plants usually to be met with in that rank soil; the seeds of wickedneſs indeed sprout up every where too fast; but a playhouse is the devil's hot bed——

Col. Lamb. And, yet, doctor, I have known some of the leaders of your tribe, as scrupulous as they are, who have been willing to gather fruit there for the use of the brethren——as in case of a benefit——

Dr. Cant. The charity covereth the sin; and it may be lawful to turn the wages of abomination to

Darn. Ha! here's your sister again.

Enter CHARLOTTE *and Doctor* CANTWELL.

Charl. You'll find, sir, I will not be used thus; nor shall your credit with my father protect your insolence to me.

Col. Lamb. What's the matter?

Charl. Nothing; pray be quiet—I dont want you—stand out of the way—how durst you bolt with such authority into my chamber, without giving me notice?

Darn. Confusion!

Col. Lamb. Hold—if my father won't resent this, 'tis then time enough for me to do it.

Dr. Cant. Compose yourself, madam; I came by your father's desire, who being informed that you were entertaining Mr. Darnley, grew impatient, and gave his positive commands that you attend him instantly, or he himself, he says, will fetch you.

Darn. Ay, now the storm is rising.

Dr. Cant. So, for what I have done, madam, I *had his authority,* and shall leave him to answer *you.*

Charl. 'Tis false. He gave you no authority

garter, with my face just towards the door; and this impudent cur, without the least notice, comes bounce in upon me—and my devilish hoop happening to hitch in the chair, I was an hour before I could get down my petticoats.

Darn. The rogue must be corrected.

Col. Lamb. Yet, 'gad, I cannot help laughing at the accident; what a ridiculous figure must she make—ha, ha, ha!

Charl. Hah! you're as impudent as he, I think.

Darn. Now, dear Tom, speak to her before she goes.

Charl. What does he say, brother?

Col. Lamb. Why, he wants to have me speak to you, and I would have him do it himself.

Charl. Ay, come do, Darnley; I am in a good humour now.

Darn. Oh, Charlotte, my heart is bursting—

Charl. Well, well, out with it then.

Darn. Your father now, I see, is bent on parting us———nay, what's worse, perhaps, will give you to another—I cannot speak—imagine what I want from you——

Charl. Well——O lud! one looks so silly though *when one is serious*—O gad!——In short, I cannot *get it out.*

Col. Lamb. So——well said, doctor! This he,
" I am sure, has blown this fire: what horrid hands
" is our poor family fallen into! and how the rogue
" seems to triumph in his power!——How little is
" my father like himself!—By nature open, just, and
" generous; but this vile hypocrite drives his weak
" paſsions like the wind; and I foresee, at last, some-
" thing fatal will be the consequence.

" *Darn.* Not if by speedily detecting him, you take
" care to prevent it.

" *Col. Lamb.* Why, I have a thought that might
" expose him to my father; and, in some ungnarded
" hour, we may yet, perhaps, surprise this lurking
" thief without his holy vizor." [*Exeunt.*

ACT II.

SCENE I. An Ante-Chamber in Sir John Lambert's *House.*

SEYWARD, with a Writing in his Hand.

Seyw. 'Tis so——I have long suspected where his zeal would end; in the making of his private fortune.—But then, to found it on the ruin of his

Sir J. Lamb. Oh, Seyward, your uncle wants you to transcribe some hymns.

Seyw. Sir, I'll wait on him. [*Exit.*

Charl. A pretty well-bred fellow that.

Sir J. Lamb. Ay, ay; but he has better qualities than his good breeding.

Charl. He's always clean, too.

Sir J. Lamb. I wonder, daughter, when you will take notice of a man's real merit. Humph —— well bred and clean, forsooth. Would not one think now she was describing a coxcomb? When do you hear my wife talk at this rate? and yet she is as young as your fantastical ladyship.

Lady Lamb. Charlotte is of a cheerful temper, my dear; but I know you don't think she wants discretion.

Sir J. Lamb. I shall try that presently; and you, my dear, shall judge between us. In short, daughter, your course of life is but one continual round of playing the fool to no purpose; and therefore I am

ved to make you think seriously, and marry.

rl. That I shall do before I marry, sir, you

pend upon it.

Lamb. Um——That I am not so sure of

may depend upon my having thought ser

...wis. ... to play, I should be frigh...courage, Charl

Charl. Lord, madam, he'll make nothing of
nd upon it.

Sir J. Lamb. Mind what I say to you. This
ful man, I say, first, in his public charact
gious, zealous, and charitable.

harl. Very well, sir.

r J. Lamb. In his private character, sober.

arl. I should hate a sot.

J. Lamb. Chaste.

rl. A hem!

J. Lamb. What is it you sneer at, madam?—
aut one of your fine gentlemen rakes, I su
hat are snapping at every woman they see

l. No, no, sir; I am very well satisfied.——
uld not care for such a sort of a man, no
n I should for one that every woman was
snap at.

amb. No; you'll be secure from jealou
perience, ripeness of years——
Your sex's van...

what have frolics to do with solid happineſs? I am ashamed of you——Go, you talk worse than a girl at a boarding-school——Frolicsome! as if marriage was only a licence for two people to play the fool according to law. Methinks, madam, you have a better example of happineſs before your face. Here's one has ten times your understanding, and she, you find, has made a different choice.

Charl. Lord, sir, how you talk! you don't consider people's tempers. I don't say my lady is not in the right; but then, you know, papa, she's a prude, and I am a coquette; she becomes her character very well, I don't deny it; and I hope you see every thing I do is as consistent with mine.——Your wise people may talk what they will, but 'tis constitution governs us all: and be aſsured, you will no more be able to bring me to endure a man of forty-nine, than you can persuade my lady to dance in church to the organ.

Sir J. Lamb. Why, you wicked wretch, could any thing persuade you to do that?

Charl. Lord, sir, I won't answer for what I might *if the whim* was in my head; besides, you know *ways loved a* little flirtation.

J. Lamb. O horrible!—flirtation!——My poor *has ruined her*: leaving her fortune in her

Sir J. Lamb. no, no! your husband.

becomes you, but I shall spoil your mirth—no
—give me a serious answer.

Charl. I ask your pardon, sir: I should not
smiled indeed, could I have supposed it poi
hat you were serious.

Sir J. Lamb. You'll find me so.

Charl. I'm sorry for it; but I have an object
the doctor, sir, that most fathers think a subst
l one.

Sir J. Lamb. Name it.

harl. Why, sir, we know nothing of his fortun
not worth a groat.

r J. Lamb. That's more than you know, madam
able to give him a better estate than I am afraid
l deserve.

rl. How! sir!

J. Lamb. I have told you what's my will, and
eave you to think on't.

Enter SEYWARD

Sir, if you are

warmer than I thought became him.

Col. Lamb. How are these opposites to be reconciled? Can the rascal have the assurance to think both points are to be carried?

Charl. Truly, one would not suspect the gentleman to be so termagant.

Col. Lamb. Especially while he pretends to be so shocked at all indecent amours. In the country he used to make the maids lock up the turkey cocks every Saturday night, for fear they should gallant the hens on a Sunday.

Lady Lamb. Oh! ridiculous!

Col. Lamb. Upon my life, madam, my sister told me so.

Charl. I tell you so, you impudent——

Lady Lamb. Fy, Charlotte; he only jests with you.

Charl. How can you be such a monster to stay playing the fool here, when you have more reason be frighted out of your wits? You don't know, haps, that my father declares he'll settle a for- upon this fellow too.

l. Lamb. What do you mean?

dy Lamb. 'Tis too true; 'tis not three minutes e he said so.

Col. Lamb. Nay, then, it is time indeed his ey

Enter Old Lady LAMBERT.

Lady Lamb. This is kind, madam; I hope your ladyship's come to dine with us.

Old Lady Lamb. No; don't be afraid: only in my way from Tottenham Court, I just called to see whether any dreadful accident happened to the family since I was here last.

Lady Lamb. Accident! did your ladyship say?

Old Lady Lamb. I shall be sorry, daughter, but not surprised, when I hear it; for there are goings on under this roof that will bring temporal punishments along with them.

Lady Lamb. Indeed, madam, you astonish me!

Old Lady Lamb. We'll drop the subject; and I beg leave to addreſs myself to you, Miſs Charlotte: I see you have a bit of lace upon your neck; I desire to know what you wear it for.

Charl. Wear it for, madam! it's the fashion.

Old Lady Lamb. In short, I have been at my linen-draper's to-day, and have brought you some thick muslin, which I desire you will make handkerchiefs of; for I must tell you that slight covering is indecent, and gives much offence.

Lady Lamb. Indecent, did your ladyship

sensual regards, he considers the world merely as a collection of dirt and pebble-stones.—How has he weaned me from temporal connections! My heart is now set upon nothing sublunary; and, I thank Heaven, I am so insensible to every thing in this vain world, that I could see you, my son, my daughters, my brothers, my grandchildren, all expire before me; and mind it no more than the going out of so many snuffs of candle.

Charl. Upon my word, madam, it is a very humane disposition you have been able to arrive at, and your family is much obliged to the doctor for his instructions.

Old Lady Lamb. Well, child, I have nothing more to say to you at present; Heaven mend you, that's all.

Lady Lamb. But pray, madam, stay and dine with us.

Old Lady Lamb. No, daughter; I have said it, and you know I never tell a lie; but here's my son, if 'u'll give me leave, I'll stay and speak to him.

Lady Lamb. Your ladyship's time's your own.

Charl. Ay, and here's that abominable doctor.—fellow puts me beyond my patience.

[*Exeunt Lady Lambert and* Charlotte.

Dr. Cant. Nothing, madam, nothing.——But you were witneſs how the worthy colonel treated me this morning—Not that I speak it on my own account—for to be reviled is my portion.

Sir J. Lamb. O the villain! the villain!

Dr. Cant. Indeed, I did not think he had so hard a nature.

Old Lady Lamb. Ah! your charitable heart knows not the rancour that is in his.—His wicked sister too has been here this moment abusing this good man.

Dr. Cant. O sir, 'tis plain, 'tis plain; your whole family are in a combination against me—your son and daughter hate me; they think I stand between them and your favour; and indeed it is not fit I should do so; for, fallen as they are, they are still your children, and I an alien, an intruder, who ought in conscience to retire and heal those unhappy breaches.

Old Lady Lamb. See, if the good man does not wipe his eyes!

Dr. Cant. Oh, Heavens! the thought of their ingratitude wounds me to the quick——but I'll remove this eye-sore—here, Charles!

Enter SEYWARD.

Sir J. Lamb. For goodneſs sake——

you know she is not wronged by it: because, if she proves not obstinate, she may still be happy.

Old Lady Lamb. Yes, but the perverse wretch slights the blessing you propose for her.

Dr. Cant. We must allow, madam, female modesty a time, which often takes the likeness of distaste: the commands of your good son might too suddenly surprise her—Maids must be gently dealt with—and, might I humbly advise——

Sir J. Lamb. Any thing you will; you shall govern me and her.

Dr. Cant. Then, sir, abate of your authority, and let the matter rest awhile.

Sir J. Lamb. Suppose we were to get my wife to speak to her; women will often hear from their own sex what, sometimes, even from the man they like, will startle them.

Dr. Cant. Then, with your permission, sir, I will ...e an opportunity of talking to my lady.

...ir J. Lamb. She's now in her dressing-room; ...o *and prepare* her for it. [Exit.

... Cant. You are too good to me, sir—too boun-

…e worthy … though in … this great whi…
worthy creature to walk in.

Enter MAW-WORM.

How do you do, Mr. Maw-worm?

Maw. Thank your ladyship's axing—I'm
idly poorish, indeed; the world and I can't
have got the books, doctor——and Mrs. C
me give her service to you, and thanks yo
eighteen-pence.

Cant. Hush, friend Maw-worm! not a w
; you know I hate to have my little chari
about: a poor widow, madam, to whom
ny mite.

Lady Lamb. Give her this.

[*Offers a Purse to Maw-worm.*

Cant. I'll take care it shall be given up to he

[*Puts it up.*

Lady Lamb. But what is the matter with you
w-worm?

I don't know what's the matter with …
aking my heart——I think …

country.

Old Lady Lamb. An excursion, you would say.

Maw. I am but a sheep, but my bleatings shall be heard afar off, and that sheep shall become a shepherd; nay, if it be only, as it were, a shepherd's dog, to bark the stray lambs into the fold.

Old Lady Lamb. He wants method, doctor.

Dr. Cant. Yes, madam, but there is matter; and I despise not the ignorant.

Maw. He's a saint—till I went after him, I was little better than the devil; my conscience was tanned with sin like a piece of neat's leather, and had no more feeling than the sole of my shoe; always a roving after fantastical delights: I used to go every Sunday evening to the Three Hats at Islington; it's
blic-house; mayhap your ladyship may know it:
a great lover of skittles too, but now I can't
hem.

Lady Lamb. What a blefsed reformation!

I believe, doctor, you never know'd as how
instigated one of the stewards of the reform-
iety. I convicted a man of five oaths, as last
day was se'nnight, at the Pewter Platter, in

Maw. And yet, if you would hear how the neighbours reviles my wife, saying, as how she sets no store by me, because we have words now and then; but, as I says, if such was the case, would ever she have cut me down that there time as I was melancholy, and she found me hanging behind the door; I don't believe there's a wife in the parish would have done so by her husband.

Dr. Cant. I believe 'tis near dinner time, and Sir John will require my attendance.

Maw. Oh! I am troublesome—nay, I only come to you doctor, with a meſsage from Mrs. Grunt. I wish your ladyship heartily and heartily farewell; doctor, a good day to you.

Old Lady Lamb. Mr. Maw-worm, call on me some time this afternoon; I want to have a little private discourse with you; and, pray, my service to your spouse.

Maw. I will, madam; you are a malefactor to all goodneſs; I'll wait upon your ladyship; I will, indeed. [*Going, returns.*] Oh, doctor, that's

of speaking to her throws me into a disorder. There's nobody within, I believe.—I'll knock again.

Enter BETTY.

Is your lady busy?

Betty. I believe she's only reading, sir.

Seyw. Will you do me the favour to let her know, if she's at leisure, I beg to speak with her upon some earnest business.

Enter CHARLOTTE.

Charl. Who's that?

Betty. She's here.——Mr. Seyward, madam, desires to speak with you.

Charl. Oh, your servant, Mr. Seyward.—Here, take this odious Homer, and lay him up again; he tires me.—[*Exit Betty*.]——How could the blind wretch make such an horrid fuss about a fine woman, for so many volumes together, and give us no account of her amours? You have read him, I suppose, in the Greek, Mr. Seyward?

Seyw. Not lately, madam.

Charl. But do you so violently admire him now?

Charl. That's cruel now; then you think o could not be mistreſs of it in a month or two?

Seyw. Not easily, madam.

Charl. They tell me it has the softest tone for lov of any language in the world—I fancy I could soo learn it. I know two words of it already.

Seyw. Pray, madam, what are they?

Charl. Stay—let me see—Oh—ay—Zoe kai psuche.

Seyw. I hope you know the English of them, madam.

Charl. Oh lud! I hope there is no harm in it—I'm ure I heard the doctor say it to my lady—pray, what s it?

Seyw. You must first imagine, madam, a tender over gazing on his mistreſs; and then, indeed, they ave a softneſs in them; as thus—Zoe kai psuche! -my life! my soul!

Charl. Oh the impudent young rogue! how his es spoke too!——What the deuce can he want th me?

Seyw. I have startled her!——

family in the North; his name, Trueman—but
while I was yet in my infancy, I was left who
pendent on my mother; a woman really piou
well-meaning, but—— In short, madam, I
Cantwell fatally got acquainted with her, and
is now your father's bosom counsellor, soon be
hers; " for his hypocrisy had so great an effe
" her weak spirit, that he entirely led and ma
" her at his pleasure." She died, madam, w
was but eight years old; and then I was indee
an orphan.

Charl. Poor creature!—Lord! I cannot be

Seyw. She left Doctor Cantwell her sole hei
executor: but I must do her the justice to
believe, it was in the confirmation that he
take care of, and do justice to me; " who,
" as I was, I yet remember to have heard he
" commend to him on her death-bed:" and, in
he has so far taken care of me, that he sent
a seminary abroad; and for these three year
past has kept me with him.

Charl. A seminary! Oh! Heavens! but why
you not strove to do yourself justice?

Seyw. Thrown so young into his power as I
unknown and friendless, " but through his me
" whom could I apply for succour? Nay, m

last moment of painful death, would give my heart a joy.

Charl. Lord! the poor unfortunate boy loves me too—what shall I do with him?——Pray, Mr. Seyward, what paper's that you have in your hand?——Is it relative to——

Seyw. Another instance of the conscience, and gratitude, which animates our worthy doctor.

Charl. You frighten me! pray what is the purport of it? Is it neither signed nor sealed——

Seyw. No, madam; therefore to prevent it, by this timely notice, was my business here with you: your father gave it to the doctor first, to shew his counsel; who, having approved it, I understand this evening it will be executed.

Charl. But what is it?

Seyw. It grants to Doctor Cantwell, in present, four hundred pounds per annum, of which this very house is part; and, at your father's death, invests him in the whole remainder of his freehold estate——*For you, indeed,* there is a charge of four thousand pounds upon it, provided you marry with Doctor's consent; if not, 'tis added to my

ACT III.

SCENE I. A Dressing Room, with Table, and Chairs.

Enter CHARLOTTE, *with* BETTY, *taking off her Cloak, &c.*

Char. Has any one been to speak with me, Betty?

Betty. Only Mr. Darnley, madam; he said he would call again, and bid his servant stay below, to give him notice when you came home.

Charl. You don't know what he wanted?

Betty. No, madam; he seemed very uneasy at your being abroad.

Charl. Well, go and lay up those things—[*Exit Betty.*] Ten to one but his wise head has found out something to be jealous of: if he lets me see it, I shall be sure to make him infinitely easy——here he comes.

Enter DARNLEY.

Darn. Your humble servant, madam.

Charl. Your servant, sir.

Darn. You have been abroad, I hear?

Darn. I don't say that neither; perhaps I am wrong in what I have said; but I have been so often used to ask pardon for your being in the wrong, that I am resolved henceforth never to rely on the insolent evidence of my own senses.

Charl. You don't know now, perhaps, that I think this pretty smart speech of yours is very dull; but, since that's a fault you can't help, I will not take it ill; come now, be as sincere on your side, and tell me seriously—Is not what real business I had abroad the very thing you want to be made easy in?

Darn. If I thought you would make me easy, I would own it.

Charl. Now we come to the point.——To-morrow morning, then, I give you my word to let you know it all; till when, there is a necessity for its being a secret; and I insist upon your believing it.

Darn. But pray, madam, what am I to do with private imagination in the mean time? that is not in my power to confine; and sure you won't be offended, if, to avoid the tortures that may give me, *I beg you'll trust me* with the secret now.

Charl. Don't press me, for positively I will not

Darn. Will not—cannot had been a kinder

—*Is my disquiet of* so little moment to you?

Charl. Of none, while

Charl. With all my heart. Hav
brother lately?

Darn. Yes, madam; and he tel
the doctor is the man your fatl
upon.

Charl. 'Tis so; nay, and what w
you, he leaves me only to the choi
no fortune.

Darn. And may I, without offen
know what resolution you have tak

Charl. I have not taken any; I d
to do; what would you advise me t

Darn. I advise you to? nay, you
to make it a question.

Charl. He says he'll settle all
him, too.

Darn. O take it: take it, to be su
match in the world; you can't do a
tainly.

Charl. 'Twill be as wise, at leas
you take to prevent it.

Darn. Is't poſsible? how can you

crime to think I see and hear, and feel that I am wronged?

Charl. Well, I own it looks ill-natured now, not to shew him some concern——but then, this jealousy I must and will get the better of, or we shall be miserable.

Darn. Speak, Charlotte; is still my jealousy a crime?

Charl. If you still insist on it as a proof of love, then I must tell you, sir, 'tis of that kind, that only slighted hearts are pleased with——when I am so reduced, perhaps I may bear it. The fact you charge me with, is true: I have been abroad; but let appearances be ever so strong, while there is a posibility that what I have done may be innocent, I won't bear a look that tells me to my face, you dare suspect me. If you have doubts, why don't you satisfy them before you see me? Can you suppose I am to stand confounded, like a criminal, before you?——Come, come, there's nothing shews so low a mind, as those grave and insolent jealousies.

Darn. However, madam, mine you won't find so low as you imagine; and, since I see your tyranny arises from your mean opinion of me, 'tis time to be myself, and disavow your power; you use it now

Charl. Oh, ... —so, ...
I shall tell him every thing; ...
gle, and I shall conquer it.——
gone, I see.
Darn. Do you then wish me gone, madam?
Charl. Your manly reason will direct you.
Darn. This is too much——my heart can bear no
more!——What, am I rooted here?

Enter SEYWARD.

Charl. At last I am relieved.—Well, Mr. Seyward
is it done?
Seyw. I did not stir from the desk till it was e
tirely finished.
Charl. Where's the original?
Seyw. This is it, madam.
Charl. Very well; that, you know, you m
keep: but come, we must lose no time; we
examine this in the next room.——Now I feel
him. [*Ex*
Darn. This is not to be borne—Pray,
Charles, what private business have you with

... man. ...

doctor, I hope?

Darn. Perhaps she'll be leſs reſerved to you, and tell you wherein I have miſtaken her.

Col. Lamb. Poor Frank! every plot I lay upon my ſiſter's inclination for you, you are ſure to ruin by your own conduct.

Darn. I own I have too little temper, and too much real paſſion, for a modiſh lover.

Col. Lamb. Come, come, make yourſelf eaſy once more; I'll undertake for you: If you'll fetch a cool turn in the Park, upon Conſtitution-Hill, in leſs than half an hour I'll come to you, and make you perfectly eaſy.

Darn. "Dear Tom, you are a friend indeed!—— "I have a thouſand things——but" you ſhall find me there. [*Exit.*

Enter CHARLOTTE *and* SEYWARD.

Col. Lamb. How now, ſiſter? what have you done to Darnley? The poor fellow looks as if he had killed your parrot.

Charl. Pſha! you know him well enough; I've only been ſetting him a love leſſon; it a little puzzles him to get through it at firſt, but he'll know it all by to-morrow——you will be ſure to be in the way, Mr. Seyward.

Enter Lady LAMBERT.

Lady Lamb. Away, away, colonel and both of you, away this instant.

Charl. What's the matter, madam?

Lady Lamb. I am going to put the do trial, that's all. I have considered the you have made me to-day, colonel, and vinced it ought not to be delayed an insta now, as your father was composed in the to his afternoon's nap, I told the doctor whisper, that I should be glad to have private with him here: and he said he w upon me presently. You must know, Sir John has been prefsing me to speak t his favour, and has desired me to hear doctor had to say upon that subject; bu play a traitorous part now, and, instead of ing you to the doctor, persuade the docto you?

Charl. Dear madam, why not? one truce with the prude, I beg of you; don't his first declaration, but let him go on, till the very bottom of his ugly heart.

Lady Lamb. I warrant you, I'll give a count of him——but, as I live, here he co

Charl. Come, then brother

Lady Lamb. Your charity is too far concerned for me.

Dr. Cant. Ah! don't say so, don't say so. You merit more than mortal man can do for you.

Lady Lamb. Indeed you over-rate me.

Dr. Cant. I speak it from my heart; indeed, indeed, indeed I do.

Lady Lamb. O dear! you hurt my hand, sir.

Dr. Cant. Impute it to my zeal, and want of words for expression: precious soul! I would not harm you for the world; no, it would be the whole business of my life——

Lady Lamb. But to the affair I would speak to you about.

Dr. Cant. Ah, thou heavenly woman!

Lady Lamb. Your hand need not be there, sir.

Dr. Cant. I was admiring the softness of this silk.

" *Lady Lamb.* Ay, but I'm ticklish.

" *Dr. Cant.*" They are indeed come to prodigious perfection in all manufactures: how wonderful is human art! here it disputes the prize with nature: that all the soft and gaudy lustre should be wrought from the labours of a poor worm!

Lady Lamb. But our business, sir, is upon another subject: Sir John informs me, that he thinks

well corrected by your divine and virtuous contemplations.

Dr. Cant. Alas, madam, my heart is not of stone: I may resist, call all my prayers, my fastings, tears and penance to my aid; but yet, I am not an angel; I am still but a man; and virtue may strive, but nature will be uppermost. I love you then, madam.

Lady Lamb. Hold, sir. "You've said enough to "put you in my power." Suppose I now should let my husband, your benefactor, know the favour you design him?

Dr. Cant. You cannot be so cruel.

Lady Lamb. Nor will, on this condition: that instantly you renounce all claim and title to Charlotte, and use your utmost interest with Sir John, to give her, with her full fortune, to Mr. Darnley.

Enter Colonel LAMBERT.

l. Lamb. Villain, monster, perfidious and unful traitor! Your hypocrisy, your false zeal is *vered: and I am* sent here by the hand of in- *Heaven, to lay* you open to my father, and *e you to the world.*

Cant. Ha!

dy Lamb. O, unthinking colonel!

pray, which may yet put this wretch effectually into our power. [*Exit.*

Enter Sir JOHN LAMBERT.

Sir J. Lamb. What uproar is this?

Col. Lamb. Nothing, sir, nothing; only a little broil of the good doctor's here—You are well rewarded for your kindneſses; and he would fain pay it back with triple interest to your wife: in short, sir, I took him here in the very fact of making a criminal declaration of love to my lady.

Dr. Cant. Why, why, Sir John, would you not let me leave your house? I knew some dreadful method would be taken to drive me hence—O, be not angry, good colonel: but indeed, and indeed, you use me cruelly.

Sir J. Lamb. Horrible, wicked creature!—Doctor, let me hear it from you.

Dr. Cant. Alas, sir, I am in the dark as much as you; but it should seem, for what purpose he best knows, your son hid himself somewhere hereabouts; and while I was talking to my lady, rushed in upon us—you know the subject, sir, on which I [illegible] entertain her; and "I might speak of my [illegible]

in thy malice?

Col. Lamb. I scorn the imputation, sir; and with the same repeated honesty avow, however cunningly he may have devised this glofs, that you are deceived.——What I tell you, sir, is true——these eyes, these ears, were witneſses of his audacious love, without the mention of my sister's name; directly, plainly, grofsly tending to abuse the honour of your bed.

Sir J. Lamb. Villain, this instant leave my sight, my house, my family, for ever! "Wife, children, "servants, are all leagued against this pious man, "and think to weary me by groundleſs clamours to "discard him; but all shall not do. Your malice "falls on your own wicked heads; to me it but the "more endears him,

Col. Lamb. Doctor, you have triumphed.

Sir J. Lamb. Wretch, leave my house."

Cant. Hold, good Sir John: I am now *recovered from my surprise*; let me then be an *impartial mediator*——on my account, this must not *be*. *I grant it poſsible*, your son loves me not; *you must grant it too as poſsible*, he might mis*take*; *to accuse me then*, was but the error of

Sir J. Lamb. Hear this, perverse and re
—Oh, couldst thou wrong such more than
irtue?

Col. Lamb. Wrong him! the hardened imp
this painted charity——

Sir J. Lamb. Peace, graceless infidel!

Col. Lamb. No, sir; though I would hazar
ain you from the clutches of that wretch,
to reconcile my duty to your favour; yet, o
is his villany offers, it is merit to refuse it
lory in the disgrace your errors give me".
sir, I'll trouble you no more; to-day is his
ow may be mine.

J. Lamb. Come, my friend; we'll go this
and sign the settlement. [*Exi*

. Cant. Sir, I now attend you, and take
out scruple: yes, you shall, since it is yo
pleasure, make this settlement in my favou

J. Lamb. I will, doctor, I will;" for tha
ught to be punished, who, I now
e, and given over to
nt. And

House.

Enter CHARLOTTE *and* SEYWARD.

Charl. You were a witneſs, then?

Seyw. I saw it signed, sealed, and delivere
dam.

Charl. And all paſsed without the least susp

Seyw. Sir John signed it with such earne
and the doctor received it with such a seemi
luctance, that neither had the curiosity to ex
a line of it.

Charl. Well, Mr. Seyward, whether it su
to our ends or not, we have still the same
tions to you.———You saw with what a fr
warmth my brother heard your story; and I
in the least doubt his being able to do som
for you.

Seyw. What I have done, my duty bound
but pray, madam, give me leave, without o
to ask you one innocent question.

Charl. Freely.

Sewy. Have you never suspected, that in
affair, I have had some secret stronger moti
barely duty?

Charl. Yes.——But have you been in no
[illegible] I should discover that motive?

Seyw. Is it then poſsible you can have loved another, to whom you never were sincere?

Charl. Alas, you are but a novice in the paſsion.—Sincerity is a dangerous virtue, and often surfeits what it ought to nourish. Therefore I take more pains to make the man I love believe I slight him, than, if poſsible, I would to convince you of my esteem and friendship.———Nay, I'll do more still; I'll shew you all the good nature you can desire; you shall make what love to me you please; but then I'll tell you the consequence: I shall certainly be pleased with it, and that will flatter you till I do you a mischief. Now do you think me sincere?

Seyw. I scarce consider that: but I'm sure you are agreeable.

Charl. Why, look you there, now; do you consider, that a woman had as lief be thought agreeable as handsome; and how can you suppose, from one of your sense, that I am not pleased with being told so?

Seyw. Was ever temper so enchanting!—Your good opinion is all I aim at.

Charl. Ay, but the more I give it you, the better you'll think of me still: and then I must think the better of you again; and then you the better of me, upon that too; and so at last I shall think seriously,

Sir J. Lamb. Now, vile detractor of all your outrageous malice confounded?—Wh you is true; he was talking to my lady by sent; and what he said, he said by my orde Good man, be not concerned, for I see their vile design.———Here, thou curse o if thou art not lost to conscience, and all honour, repair the injury you have atter confessing your rancour, and throwing yo his feet.

Dr. Cant. Oh, Sir John! for my sake—throw myself at the colonel's feet; nay, if please him, he shall tread on my neck.

Sir J. Lamb. What, mute, defenceless, in thy malice?

Col. Lamb. I scorn the imputation, sir; the same repeated honesty avow, however he may have devised this gloss, that you ceived.———What I tell you, sir, is true- eyes, these ears, were witnesses of his a love, without the mention of my sister's n rectly, plainly, grossly tending to abuse th of your bed.

withstanding your good father's favour, I am not the man you would desire to be alone with upon this occasion.

Charl. Your modesty is pleased to be in the right.

Dr. Cant. I'm afraid too, notwithstanding all my endeavours to the coutrary, that you entertain a pretty bad opinion of me.

Charl. A worse, sir, of no mortal breathing!

Dr. Cant. Which opinion is immoveable.

Charl. No rock so firm!

Dr. Cant. I am afraid then, it will be a vain pursuit when I solicit you, in compliance with my worthy friend's desire and my own inclinations, to become my partner in that blessed estate, in which we may be a comfort and support to each other.

Charl. I would die rather than consent to it.

Dr. Cant. In other words, you hate me.

Charl. Most transcendently!

Dr. Cant. Well, there is sincerity, at least, in your confession: you are not, I see, totally deprived of all virtue: though I must say I never could

like a bear to the stake. I'm sure he knows I shall bait him.

Lady Lamb. No matter for that; he presses it, to keep Sir John still blind to his wicked designs upon me.——Therefore I am come to give you notice, that you might be prepared to receive him.

Charl. I'm obliged to your ladyship. Our meeting will be a tender scene, no doubt on't.

Lady Lamb. But I think I hear the doctor coming up stairs. My dear girl, at any rate keep your temper. I shall expect you in my dressing-room, to tell me the particulars of your conduct. [*Exit.*

Charl. He must have a great deal of impudence, to come in this manner to me.

Enter Doctor CANTWELL, *and* BETTY *introducing him.*

Betty. Doctor Cantwell desires to be admitted, madam.

Charl. Let him come in.——Your servant, sir.—*Give us chairs,* Betty, and leave the room.—[*Exit Betty.*]—*Sir,* there's a seat.——What can the ugly *or say to me!*—he seems a little puzzled.

[*Humming a tune.*

Dr. Cant. Look ye, young lady, I am afraid, not-

leavours to the contrary, that you entert
etty bad opinion of me.
Charl. A worse, sir, of no mortal breathing
Dr. Cant. Which opinion is immoveable.
Charl. No rock so firm!
Dr. Cant. I am afraid then, it will be a vain
it when I solicit you, in compliance with
rthy friend's desire and my own inclination
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may be a comfort and support to each oth
Charl. I would die rather than consent to it
Dr. Cant. In other words, you hate me.
Charl. Most transcendently!
Dr. Cant. Well, there is sincerity, at lea
ur confession: you are not, I see, totally dep
all virtue; though, I must say, I never
rceive in you but very little.
Charl. Oh, fie! you flatter me!
Dr. Cant. No; I speak it with sorrow, be
u are the daughter of my best friend. Bu
e we to proceed now? are we to preserve
r?

know you to be both luxurious and worldly-minded; and you would squander upon the vanities of the world those treasures which ought to be better laid out.

Charl. Hum!—I believe I begin to conceive you.

Dr. Cant. If you can think of any project to satisfy my conscience, I am tractable. You know there is a considerable moiety of your fortune which goes to my lady in case of our disagreement.

Charl. That's enough, sir.—You think we should have a fellow-feeling in it. At what sum do you rate your concurrence to my inclinations? that settled, I am willing to strike the bargain.

Dr. Cant. What do you think of half?

arl How! two thousand pounds!

. *Cant.* Why, you know you gain two thou-*ounds; and really* the severity of the times *poor, and my* own stinted pittance, which *my charities,* will not suffer me to require

rl. But how is my father to be brought into

dear doctor!

Dr. Cant. Well, let your interest sway you. Thank Heaven, I am actuated by more worthy motives.

Charl. No doubt on't.

Dr. Cant. Farewell, and think me your friend.

[*Exit.*

Enter Colonel LAMBERT.

Charl. What this fellow's original was, I know not; but by his conscience and cunning he would make an admirable Jesuit.

Col. Lamb. Charlotte!

Charl. You may come in. Well, I hope you bring me a good account of the doctor.—What success?

Col. Lamb. All I could wish!—Seyward has given so strong and so fair a detail of his frauds and villanies of every kind, that my Lord Chief Justice made not the least hesitation to grant his warrant

[redacted] that Seyward brought you?

Charl. Oh! that's what I can't tell you.—— by the way, what have you done with Darnley: is not he here?

Col. Lamb. He has been here; but you must excuse him.—I told him how anxious you were about Seyward's affair, and he has taken him with him in his own coach, to the Attorney General's.

Charl. Well, I own he has gained upon me this.

Col. Lamb. I am glad to hear that at last. But must go and let my lady know what progress I have made in the doctor's business; because I have something particular to say to her. [*Exit*

Enter SERVANT.

Serv. Madam, Mr. Darnley.

Charl. Desire him to walk in. [*Exit Serv*

Enter DARNLEY.

Darn. To find you thus alone, madam, is an happiness I did not expect, from the temper of our parting.

Charl. I should have been as well pleased to have been thanked, as reproached, for my good nature; but you will be in the right. I find

good security!——On one

Dr. Cant. Name it.

Charl. That you immediately tell my father
are willing to give up your interest t
rnley.

Dr. Cant. Hum!—stay—I agree to it; but in
an time, let me warn you, child, not to expect
n that, or what has now paſsed between us, to
fusion, by sinister construction, or evil rep
tation to your father. I am satisfied of the pi
ny own intentions, and care not what the wich
k of them; but force me not to take advanta
ir John's good opinion of me, in order to shi
elf from the consequences of your malice.

arl. Oh! I shall not stand in my own light
your conscience and your power too w
octor!

Cant. Well, let your interest sway y
Heaven, I am actuated by more worthy a

C. No doubt on't.

Lamb. Now, vile detractor of all your outrageous malice confounded?—Wh you is true; he was talking to my lady by sent; and what he said, he said by my orde Good man, be not concerned, for I see their vile design.———Here, thou curse o if thou art not lost to conscience, and all honour, repair the injury you have atten confessing your rancour, and throwing yo his feet.

Dr. Cant. Oh, Sir John! for my sake—— throw myself at the colonel's feet; nay, if please him, he shall tread on my neck.

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Sir J. Lamb. Villain, this instant leave m my house, my family, for ever! "Wife, ch "servants, are all leagued against this pious "and think to

" *Dr. Cant.* Come, come; such breaches must " not be betwixt so good a son and father; forget, " forgive, embrace him, cherish him, and let me " bless the hour I was the occasion of so sweet a " reconcilement."

Sir J. Lamb. Hear this, perverse and reprobate! —Oh, couldst thou wrong such more than mortal virtue?

Col. Lamb. Wrong him! the hardened impudence of this painted charity——

Sir J. Lamb. Peace, graceless infidel!

Col. Lamb. No, sir; though I would hazard life to gain you from the clutches of that wretch, could die to reconcile my duty to your favour; yet, on the terms his villany offers, it is merit to refuse it—— " I glory in the disgrace your errors give me"—— but, sir, I'll trouble you no more; to-day is his, to-morrow may be mine. [*Exit.*

Sir J. Lamb. Come, my friend; we'll go this instant, and sign the settlement.

" *Dr. Cant.* Sir, I now attend you, and take it " without scruple: yes, you shall, since it is your " good pleasure, make this settlement in my favour.

" *Sir J. Lamb.* I will, doctor, I will;" for that wretch ought to be punished, who, I now see, is incorrigible, and given over to perdition.

« —But as it can be prov
« eight or ten thousand pounds," the A
neral seems very clear in his opinion,
doctor, at the time of the death of Sey
ther, was intrusted with her whole affai
of Equity will oblige him to be accoun
Charl. If Seward does not recover
you must absolutely get him a comm
bring him into acquaintance.
Darn. Upon my word I will.
Charl. And shew him to all the wor
and I'll have you call him my pretty f
Darn. I will, indeed!—but hear me
Charl. You can't conceive how pret
love.
Darn. Not so well as you make y
Charlotte.
Charl. Lord! I had forgot, he is
Greek, too.
Darn. Trifling tyrant! how long,
you think you can find new evasions
unto you?
Charl. Lord! you are horrid silly;
love that makes you such a dunce—
I forgive you.
Darn. That's kind, however.—Bu
—and—

are agreeable.

Charl. Why, look you there, now; do you consider, that a woman had as lief be thought agreeable as handsome; and how can you suppose, from one of your sense, that I am not pleased with being told so?

Seyw. Was ever temper so enchanting!—Your good opinion is all I aim at.

Charl. Ay, but the more I give it you, the better you'll think of me still: and then I must think the better of you again; and then you the better of me, upon that too; and so at last I shall think seriously, and you'll begin to think ill of me. But I hope, Mr. Seyward, your good sense will prevent all this.

Seyw. I see my folly, madam, and blush at my presumption. Madam, I humbly take my leave.

[*Exit.*

Charl. Well, he's a pretty young fellow after all, and the very first sure that ever heard reason against himself with so good an understanding.——Lord, how one may live and learn!—I could not have believed that modesty in a young fellow could have been so amiable. And though I own there is, I know not what, of dear delight in indulging one's vanity with them, yet, upon serious reflection, I must confess, that truth and sincerity have a

…because more depends on that t…
easily imagine or believe.

Sir J. Lamb. What senseless insinuat…
got into your head now?

Charl. Be so kind, sir, first to answe…
may be better able to inform you.

Sir J. Lamb. Well, I own he has decl…
terest in favour of Mr. Darnley; but I m…
madam, he did it in so modest, so …
good-natured, so conscientious a manner,
think myself more than ever bound in h…
pouse him.

Charl. But now, sir, (only for argum…
suppose I could prove that all this seer…
was artificial; that his regard for Mr. D…
neither founded upon modesty, friends…
nature, nor conscience; or in short, th…
like a villain, bartered, bargained to g…
Mr. Darnley for half the four thousand p…
valued his consent at; I say, sir, suppose …
be proved, where would be his virtue the…

Sir J. Lamb. It is impious to suppose i…

Charl. Then, sir, from what principle …
suppose that I accuse him?

Sir J. Lamb. From an obstinate prejud…
that's good and virtuous.

Charl. The…

Lamb. Is it poſsible?

Lady Lamb. But then, sir, I must prevail on you to descend to the poor shifts we are reduced to.

Sir J. Lamb. All; to any thing, to ease me of my doubts: make me but witneſs of this fact, and I shall soon accuse myself, and own my folly equal to his baseneſs.

" *Lady Lamb.* Observe then, they that set toils " for beasts of prey——

" *Sir J. Lamb.*" Place me where you please.

Lady Lamb. Behind that screen you may easily conceal yourself.

Sir J. Lamb. Be it so.

Lady Lamb. Mr. Darnley, shall we beg your leave? and you, Charlotte, take the least suspected way to send the doctor to me directly.

Charl. I have a thought will do it, madam.

Sir J. Lamb. Oh, Charlotte! Oh. Mr. Darnley!

Darn. Have but resolution, sir, and fear nothing.

[*Exeunt* Darnley and Charlotte.

Lady Lamb. Now, sir, you are to consider what a desperate disease I have undertaken to cure; therefore, be sure to keep close and still; and if the proof is full, appear at your discretion.

pouse him.

Charl. But now, sir, (only for argument's sake) suppose I could prove that all this seeming virtue was artificial; that his regard for Mr. Darnley was neither founded upon modesty, friendship, good-nature, nor conscience; or in short, that he has, like a villain, bartered, bargained to give me to Mr. Darnley for half the four thousand pounds you valued his consent at; I say, sir, suppose this could be proved, where would be his virtue then?

Sir J. Lamb. It is impious to suppose it.

Charl. Then, sir, from what principle must you suppose that I accuse him?

Sir J. Lamb. From an obstinate prejudice to all that's good and virtuous.

Charl. That's too hard, sir. But the worst your opinion can provoke me to, is to marry Mr. Darnley without either his consent or yours.

Sir J. Lamb. What, do you brave me, madam?

Charl. No, sir; but I scorn a lie; and will so far vindicate my integrity, as to insist on your believing me; if not, as a child you abandon, I have a right to throw myself into other arms for protection.

Darn. Dear Charlotte, how your spirit charms!

[redacted]d?

Sir J. Lamb. Never.

Lady Lamb. Would you then believe m
I accuse him even of crimes which virtue
but to mention?

Sir J. Lamb. To what extravagance wo
drive me?

Lady Lamb. I would before have unde
you, when his late artifice turned the hone
of your son into his own reproach and ruin
knowing that your temper was inacceſsible, I
not offer it.——But suppose I should be able
you see his villany, make him repeat his odiou
to me in your own hearing; at once throw
mask, and shew the barefaced traitor?

Sir J. Lamb. Is it poſsible?

Lady Lamb. But then, sir, I must prevail
descend to the poor shifts we are reduced

Sir J. Lamb. All; to any thing, to ease me
ubts: make me but witneſs of this fact,
ll soon accuse myself, and own my foll
baseneſs.

you charge him with, till the evidence of my
senses assure me of the contrary.

Lady Lamb. 'Tis just.

Sir J. Lamb. Hark! I think I hear him con

Lady Lamb. Now, my dear, remember you
mise to have patience.

Sir J. Lamb. Rely upon't.

Lady Lamb. To your post then:

" *Sir J. Lamb.* If this be truth, what wi
" world come to!" [*Sir John goes beh*

Enter Doctor CANTWELL, *with a Boo*

Dr. Cant. Madam, your woman tells me, t
ing here, and alone, you desired to speak with

Lady Lamb. I did, sir—but, that we may b
that we are alone, pray shut the outward
" and see that the passage be clear too."—A
surprise might ruin us—is all safe?

Dr. Cant. I have taken care, madam.

Lady Lamb. But I'm afraid I interrupt yo
ditations.

Dr. Cant. No, madam, no; I was only h
over some pious exhortations here, for the u
society of chosen brethren.

Lady Lamb. Ah, doctor! what have you d
me? the trouble of my mind since our last m

...ations that may be put upon it, insists
that we should be more together, to let the
see his confidence in us both. This relieves us
estraint, and I now dare tell you——but no—
von't——

Dr. Cant. But why, madam?——Let me bese
ou——

Lady Lamb. No——besides——what need y
k me——

Dr. Cant. Ah! do not endeavour to decoy
lish heart, too apt to flatter itself. You cann
e, think kindly of me?

ady Lamb. Well, well, I would have you im
so.

r. Cant. Besides, may I not with reason suspec
this apparent goodneſs is but artifice, a shadow
mpliance, meant only to persuade me from
daughter.

dy Lamb. Methinks this doubt of me seems
founded on your settled resolution not to re-
er.——'Tis she, I find, is your subst...

Cant. O...

[illegible] upon it.

Dr. Cant. Spare me, spare me; you kill me this kindneſs.

Lady Lamb. But, now, that I have discovered weakneſs, be secret; for the least imprudence-

Dr. Cant. It is a vain fear.

Lady Lamb. Call it not vain: my reputatio dearer to me than life.

Dr. Cant. Where can it find so sure a guard? grave austerities of my life will dumb-found su cion, and yours may defy detraction.

Lady Lamb. Well, doctor, 'tis you must ans for my folly.

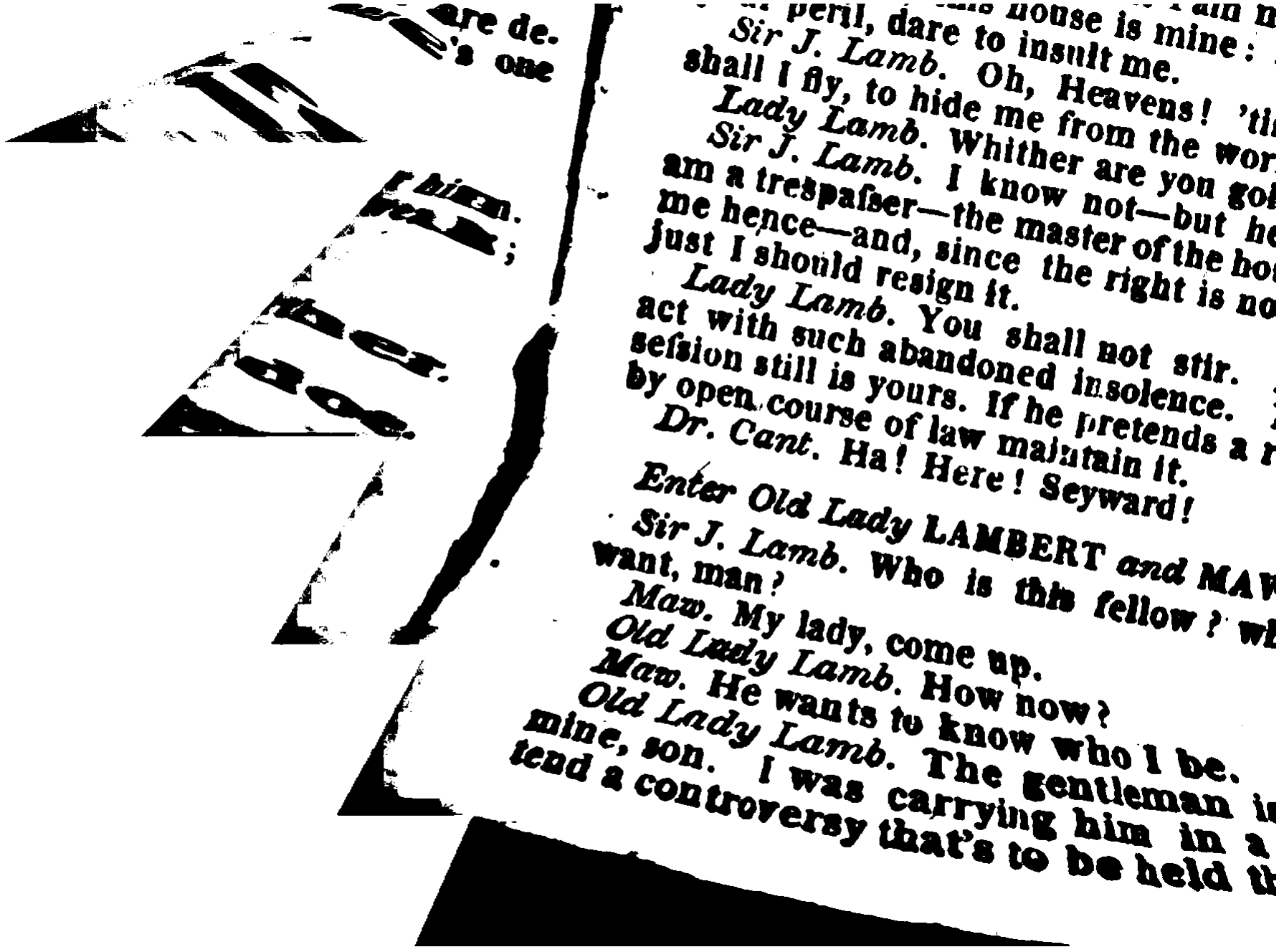
Dr. Cant. I take it all upon myself. Heaven true, forbids certain gratifications; but there ways of reconcilement, and laying the fears of a scrupulous conscience.

Lady Lamb. Every way, I perceive, you are termined to get the better of me; but there's thing still to be afraid of.

Dr. Cant. Nothing, nothing.

Lady Lamb. My husband, Sir John.

Dr. Cant. Alas, poor man, I will answer for h Between ourselves, madam, your husband is we I can lead him by the nose any where.



[illegible] unpoſsible,

Sir J. Lamb. What do you say, man?

Maw. I say it's unpoſsible. He has been up with my wife for hours together, morning, and night, and I never found her the worse fo

Old Lady Lamb. Ah, son! son!

Sir J. Lamb. What is your ladyſhip going now?

Old Lady Lamb. The doctor is not in fault.

Sir J. Lamb. 'Slife, madam!

Old Lady Lamb. Oh, he swears!. he su years in growing good, we become profligate moment. If you swear again, I won't stay in house.

Maw. Nor I neither: aren't you ashamed of self? have you no commenseration on your so Ah! poor wicked sinner! I pity you.

Sir J. Lamb. 'Sdeath and the devil!

Maw. If you swear any more, I'll inform a you.

Sir J. Lamb. Why would you bring this madam?

Maw. Ay, do despise me, I'm the prouder f I likes to be despiſed.

Enter CHARLOTTE.

... be alarmed, madam ——there i
[illegible]ief done: what was intended, the doctor
an best inform you.

Sir J. Lamb. Mr. Darnley, I am ashamed to see

Maw. So you ought: but this good man is as
d of nothing.

Dr. Cant. Alas! my enemies prevail.

Seyw. In short, gentlemen, the affair is circ
tantially this—The doctor called me out into
avilion in the garden: appeared in great disord
old me here was a sudden storm raised, which
vas not sufficiently prepared to weather. He s
is dependance was upon me: and, at all event
ust be ready to swear, when he called upon me
ad seen him pay Sir John several large sums
oney. He talked confusedly about giving va
r an estate; but I boldly refused to perjure
lf; and told him, on the contrary, I was satisf
had fleeced Sir John of several large sums, un
etence of charitable uses, which he secretly c
rted to his own.—This stung him—and he
ed at my throat. Then, indeed, all [illegible]
... and disengaging myself [illegible]

Col. Lamb. Within, there!

Tipstaff. Is your name Cantwell, sir?

Dr. Cant. What if it be, sir?

Tipstaff. Then, sir, I have my Lord Ch
tice's warrant against you.

Dr. Cant. Against me?

Tipstaff. Yes, sir, for a cheat and impost

Old Lady Lamb. What does he say?

Sir J. Lamb. Dear son, what is this?

Col. Lamb. Only some action of the docto
which I have affidavits in my hand here to
from more than one creditable witneſs; and
it my duty to make the public acquainted w
he can acquit himself of them, so; if not, h
take the consequence.

Dr. Cant. Well, but stay; let the accu
against me be what they will, by virtue of th
veyance I am still master here; and, if I am
to leave the house myself, I will shut up the
—nobody shall remain behind.

Sir J. Lamb. There! there! indeed he stir
to the heart! for that rash act, reproach an
leſs shame will haunt me!

Charl. No, sir!—be comforted.—Even ther
his wicked hopes must leave him; for kno
fatal deed which

Charl. Now, Darnley, I hope I have made ment for your jealousy.

Darn. You've banish'd it for ever! this w yond yourself surprising.

Col. Lamb. Sister——

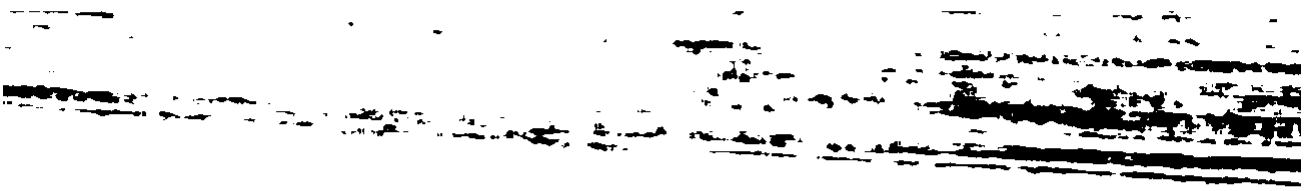
Charl. Come, no set speeches; if I deserv thanks, return them in friendship to your fir server.

Col. Lamb. The busineſs of my life shall merit it.

Seyw. And mine, to speak my sense of gations.

Sir J. Lamb. Oh, my child! for my deliver I can only reward you here.——For you, my whose filial virtue I have injured, this honest shall in every article be ratified.——And, fo sake of that hypocritical villain, I declare, that henceforward I renounce all pious folks; I wil an utter abhorrence for every thing that bea appearance——

Charl. Nay, now, my dear sir, I must [illegible] ...erty to tell you, you "



BY

NICHOLAS ROWE, ESQ.

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FOR JOHN SHARPE, OPPOSITE YORK HOUSE,
PICCADILLY.

1804.

MADAM,

THE privilege of poetry (or it may be t
of the pretenders to it) has given 'em a kin
to pretend at the same time, to the favour
whom their high birth and excellent quali
placed in a very distinguishing manner a
rest of the world. If this be not a receive
yet I am sure I am to wish it were, that I
at least some kind of excuse for laying thi
at your Grace's feet. I have too much
fear that it may prove but an indifferent
ment to your Grace, since, if I have any
ceeded in it, it has been in describing tho
paſsions which have been always strang
happy a temper, and so noble and so exal
tue as your Grace is mistreſs of. Yet, for
cannot but confeſs the vanity which I hav
that there may be something so movin
misfortunes and distreſs of the play, as m
altogether unworthy of your Grace's pity
one of the main designs of tragedy; an
this generous pity in the greatest mind
for some kind of succeſs in this way of
sensible of the presumption I am

LONG has the fate of kings and empires be
The common bus'nefs of the tragic scene,
As if misfortune made the throne her seat,
And none could be unhappy, but the great.
Dearly, 'tis true, each buys the crown he we
And many are the mighty monarch's cares :
By foreign foes and home-bred factions prest,
Few are the joys he knows, and short his he
Stories like these with wonder we may hear;
But far remote, and in a higher sphere,
We ne'er can pity what we ne'er can share :
Like distant battles of the Pole and Swede,
Which frugal citizens o'er coffee read,
Careleſs for who should fall or who succeed.
Therefore an humbler theme our author chose
A melancholy tale of private woes:
No princes here lost royalty bemoan,
But you shall meet with sorrows like your ow
Here see imperious love his vaſsals treat
As hardly as ambition does the great ;
See how succeeding paſsions rage by turns,
How fierce the youth with joy and rapture bu
And how to death, for beauty lost, he mourns

Let no nice taste the poet's and [illegible]

mont. || lista.

ACT I.

CENE I. A Garden in Sciolto's Palace.

Enter ALTAMONT, *and* HORATIO.

Alta. LET this auspicious day be ever sacred,
No mourning, no misfortunes happen on it:
Let it be mark'd for triumphs and rejoicings;
Let happy lovers ever make it holy, [wishes,
Choose it to bleſs their hopes, and crown their
This happy day, that gives me my Calista.
Hor. Yes, Altamont; to-day thy better stars
Are join'd to shed their kindest influence on thee,
Sciolto's noble hand that rais'd thee first,
Half dead and drooping o'er thy father's grave,
Completes its bounty, and restores thy name
To that high rank and lustre which it boaste

Let me not live, but at thy very nam
My eager heart springs up, and leap
When I forget the vast, vast debt I
Forget! (but 'tis impoſsible) then le
Forget the use and privilege of reas
Be driven from the commerce of m
To wander in the desert among brut
" To bear the various fury of the se
"The night's unwholesome dew and n
To be the scorn of earth and curse o
Hor. So open, so unbounded was
It reach'd ev'n me, because I was th
When that great man I lov'd, thy no
Bequeath'd thy gentle sister to my a
His last dear pledge and legacy of fr
That happy tie made me Sciolto's so
He call'd us his, and, with a parent's
Indulg'd us in his wealth, bleſs'd us
Heal'd all our cares, and sweeten'd l
Alt. By Heav'n he found my fort
don'd,
That nothing but a miracle could re

To bless thy [illegible]

Alt. But see he comes, the author [illegible]
The man who sav'd my life from deadly sorrow
Who bids my days be blest with peace and ple
And satisfies my soul with love and beauty.

Enter SCIOLTO; *he runs to* ALTAMONT, *an*
braces him.

Sci. Joy to thee, Altamont! Joy to myself!
Joy to this happy morn that makes thee min
That kindly grants what nature has denied m
And makes me father of a son like thee.
Alt. My father! Oh, let me unlade my br
Pour out the fulneſs of my soul before you
Shew every tender, every grateful thought,
This wond'rous goodneſs stirs. But 'tis imp
And utterance all is vile; since I can only
Swear you reign here, but never tell how m
" *Sci.* It is enough; I know thee, thou ar
" Goodneſs innate, and worth hereditary
" Are in thy mind; thy noble father's virt
" Spring freshly forth, and bloſsom in thy
" *Alt.* Thus Heav'n from nothing rais'

I begg'd to be a sharer in her grief.
But she, with looks averse, and eyes that froze me,
Sadly reply'd, her sorrows were her own,
Nor in a father's power to dispose of.
Sci. Away! it is the cozenage of their sex;
One of the common arts they practise on us:
To sigh and weep then when their hearts beat high
With expectation of the coming joy.
Thou hast in camps and fighting fields been bred,
Unknowing in the subtleties of women;
The virgin bride, who swoons with deadly fear,
To see the end of all her wishes near,
When blushing, from the light and public eyes,
To the kind covert of the night she flies,
With equal fires to meet the bridegroom moves,
Melts in his arms, and with a loose she loves.
[*Exeunt.*

Enter LOTHARIO *and* ROSSANO.

Loth. The father, and the husband!
Ros. Let them pass.
ey saw us not.
oth. I care not if they did;
long I mean to meet 'em face to face,
gall 'em with my triumph o'er Calista.

ill, by long list'ning to the soothing tale,
t length her easy heart was wholly mine.
Ros. I've heard you oft describe her haugh
solent,
nd fierce with high disdain: it moves my w
hat virtue, thus defended, should be yielded
prey to loose desires.
Loth. Hear then, I'll tell thee:
ice in a lone and secret hour of night,
hen ev'ry eye was clos'd, and the pale moon
d stars alone shone conscious of the theft,
t with the Tuscan grape, and high in blood,
p'ly I stole unheeded to her chamber.
Ros. That minute sure was lucky.
oth. Oh, 'twas great!
und the fond, believing, love-sick maid,
se, unattir'd, warm, tender, full of wishes;
cenefs and pride, the guardians of her honou
e charm'd to rest, and love alone was wakin
in her rising bosom all was calm,
eaceful seas that know no storms, and only
ently lifted up and down

Of [illegible]g with me from her father's pow
Call'd every saint, and bleſsed angel dow
To witneſs for her that she was my wife
I started at that name.

Ros. What answer made you?

Loth. None; but pretending sudden p
Escap'd the persecution. Two nights sin
By meſsage urg'd and frequent importuni
Again I saw her. Straight with tears and
With swelling breasts, with swooning, wi
With all the subtleties and powerful arts
Of wilful woman lab'ring for her purpose
Again she told the same dull nauseous tal
Unmov'd, I begg'd her spare th' ungrateft
Since I resolv'd, that love and peace of mi
Might flourish long inviolate betwixt us,
Never to load it with the marriage chain
That I would still retain her in my heart
My ever gentle mistreſs and my friend!
But for those other names of wife and hu
They only meant ill nature, cares, and qu

Ros. How bore she this reply?

Loth. " Ev'n as the earth,
" When, winds pent up, or eating fires b
" Shaking the maſs, she labours with dea
At first her rage was dumb [illegible]

Enter LUCILLA.

Well, my ambaſsadreſs, what must we treat of?
Come you to menace war, and proud defiance,
Or does the peaceful olive grace your meſsage?
Is your fair mistreſs calmer? Does she soften?
And must we love again? Perhaps she means
To treat in juncture with her new ally,
And make her husband party to th' agreement.

Luc. Is this well done, my lord? Have you put off
All sense of human nature? Keep a little,
A little pity, to distinguish manhood,
Lest other men, though cruel, should disclaim you,
And judge you to be number'd with the brutes.

Loth. I see thou'st learn't to rail.

Luc. I've learnt to weep:
That leſson my sad mistreſs often gives me:
By day she seeks some melancholy shade,
To hide her sorrows from the prying world;
At night she watches all the long, long hours,
And listens to the winds and beating rain,
With sighs as loud, and tears that fall as fast.
Then, ever and anon, she wrings her hands,
And cries, false, false Lothario!

Loth. Oh, no more!
I swear thou'lt spoil thy pretty face with crying,
And thou hast beauty that may make thy fortune.

But to go on!

'—— Wish —— Heart ——Honour·
——Weakneſs——to morrow——laſt
Caliſta.'

Women, I see, can change as well as
She writes me here, forsaken as I am
That I should bind my brows with m
For she has giv'n her hand to Altam
Yet, tell the fair inconstant——

Luc. How, my lord!

Loth. Nay, no more angry words
The humblest of her slaves shall wa
If she can leave her happy husband
To think upon so lost a thing as I a

Luc. Alas! for pity, come with g
Wound not her heart with this unm
And, though you love her not, yet s
So shall diſsembling once be virtuo

Loth. Ha! who comes here?

Luc. The bridegroom's friend, H
He must not see us here. To-morr

shall meet with from

'The lost Calista.'

The lost indeed! for thou art gone as far
As there can be perdition. Fire and sulphur!
Hell is the sole avenger of such crimes.
Oh, that the ruin were but all thy own!
Thou wilt even make thy father curse his age;
At sight of this black scroll, the gentle Altamont
(For, oh! I know his heart is set upon thee)
Shall droop and hang his discontented head,
Like merit scorn'd by insolent authority,
And never grace the public with his virtues.—
" Perhaps even now he gazes fondly on her,
" And, thinking soul and body both alike,
" Blesses the perfect workmanship of Heav'n;
" Then sighing, to his ev'ry care speaks peace,
" And bids his heart be satisfied with happiness.
" Oh, wretched husband! while she hangs about thee
" *With idle* blandishments, and plays the fond one,
" *Ev'n then her* hot imagination wanders,
" *Contriving* riot, and loose 'scapes of love;
" *And while* she clasps thee close, makes thy *monster.*"

Trust me, it joys my heart that I have found
Enquiring wherefore you had left the comp
Before my brother's nuptial rites were ende
They told me you had felt some sudden illn
Where are you sick? Is it your head? you
Tell me, my love, and ease my anxious tho
That I may take you gently in my arms,
Sooth you to rest, and soften all your pains.
Hor. It were unjust—No, let me spare my
Lock up the fatal secret in my breast,
Nor tell him that which will undo his quiet.
Lav. What means my lord?
Hor. Ha! saidst thou, my Lavinia?
Lav. Alas! you know not what you m
Why are you pale? Why did you start and
Whence is that sigh? and wherefore are yo
Severely rais'd to Heav'n? The sick man th
Acknowledging the summons of his fate,
Lifts up his feeble hands and eyes for merc
And with confusion thinks upon his exit.
Hor. Oh, no! thou hast mistook my
quite;

Seek not to know what I would hide from all,
st from thee. I never knew a pleasure,
that was joyful, fortunate, or good,
straight I ran to bless thee with the tidings,
laid up all my happiness with thee:
wherefore, wherefore should I give thee pain?
en spare me I conjure thee; ask no further;
llow my melancholy thoughts this privilege,
And let 'em brood in secret o'er their sorrows.

Lav. It is enough; chide not, and all is well!
Forgive me if I saw you sad, Horatio,
And ask to weep out part of your misfortunes:
I wo' not press to know what you forbid me.
Yet, my lov'd lord, yet you must grant me this,
Forget your cares for this one happy day,
Devote this day to mirth, and to your Altamont;
For his dear sake, let peace be in your looks.
Ev'n now the jocund bridegroom waits your wishes,
He thinks the priest has but half bless'd his marriage,
Till his friend hails him with the sound of joy.

Hor. Oh, never, never, never! Thou art innocent:
Simplicity from ill, pure native truth,

The nuptial band should be the ple
And all domestic cares and quarrels
The world should learn to love by v
And marriage be no more the jest o

ACT II.

SCENE I. A Hall

Enter CALISTA *and* LUC

Cal. Be dumb for ever, silent as
Nor let thy fond officious love distu
My solemn sadness with the sound
If thou wilt sooth me, tell some dis
Of pining discontent and black des
For, oh! I've gone around through
But all are indignation, love or shar
And my dear peace of mind is lost

By all the good I wish, by all the ill
My trembling heart forebodes, let me intreat you,
Never to see this faithleſs man again;
Let me forbid his coming.
Cal. On thy life
I charge thee no: my genius drives me on;
I muſt, I will behold him once again:
Perhaps it is the criſis of my fate,
And this one interview ſhall end my cares.
My lab'ring heart that ſwells with indignation,
Heaves to diſcharge the burthen; that once done,
The buſy thing ſhall reſt within its cell,
And never beat again.
Luc. Truſt not to that:
Rage is the ſhorteſt paſſion of our ſouls:
Like narrow brooks that riſe with ſudden ſhow'rs,
It ſwells in haſte, and falls again as ſoon;
Still as it ebbs the ſofter thoughts flow in,
And the deceiver Love ſupplies its place.
Cal. I have been wrong'd enough to arm my temper
Againſt the ſmooth deluſion; but, alas!
(Chide not my weakneſs, gentle maid, but pity
A woman's ſoftneſs hangs about me ſtill:

Alt. Begone, my cares, I give you to the winds,
Far to be borne, far from the happy Altamont;
" For from this sacred æra of my love,
" A better order of succeeding days
" Comes smiling forward, white and lucky all."
Calista is the mistress of the year;
She crowns the season with auspicious beauty,
And bids ev'n all my hours be good and joyful.
Cal. If I were ever mistress of such happiness,
Oh! wherefore did I play th' unthrifty fool,
And, wasting all on others, leave myself
Without one thought of joy to give me comfort?
Alt. Oh, mighty Love! Shall that fair face profane
This thy great festival with frowns and sadness!
I swear it shall not be, for I will woo thee
With sighs so moving, with so warm a transport,
[illegible]at thou shalt catch the gentle flame from me,
[illegible] kindle into joy.
[illegible]*l.* I tell thee, Altamont,
[illegible] *hearts* as ours were never pair'd above:
[illegible]*ited to* each other; join'd, not match'd;
[illegible]*e sullen* influence, a foe to both,
[illegible] *wrought* this fatal marriage to undo us.

Alt. If to behold thee as my pledge of hap
know none fair, none excellent but thee;
still to love thee with unwearied constancy
Through ev'ry season, ev'ry change of life,
Through wrinkled age, through sickness an
fortune,"
e worth the least return of grateful love,
h, then let my Calista bless this day,
nd set it down for happy.
Cal. 'Tis the day
n which my father gave my hand to Altamo
s such, I will remember it for ever.

Enter SCIOLTO, HORATIO, *and* LAVIN

Scio. Let mirth go on, let pleasure know no
ut fill up ev'ry minute of this day.
'Tis yours, my children, sacred to your lover
'he glorious sun himself for you looks gay;
le shines for Altamont and for Calista.
et there be music; let the master touch
'he sprightly string, and softly-breathing
ev'ry gentle passion.

In wine shall be forgotten all. To-m
Will be too soon to think, and to be
Oh, grant, ye pow'rs, that I may see
[*Pointing to*
Completely blest, and I have life eno
And leave the rest indifferently to fa
Hor. What if, while all are here inte
I privately went forth, and sought L
This letter may be forg'd; perhaps t
Of his vain youth, to stain a lady's fa
Perhaps his malice to disturb my fri
Oh, no! my heart forebodes it must
Methought, ev'n now, I mark'd the s
That shook her soul; though damn'
Screen'd her dark thoughts, and set t
A specious face of innocence and be
" Oh, false appearance! What is all o
" Our boasted pow'r? When they opp
" Still they prevail, and we are foun
With such smooth looks, and many
The first fair she beguil'd her easy l
Too blind with love and beauty to b
He fell unthinking in the fatal snare
Nor could believe that such a heav'n
'ad bargain'd with the devil, to dam
race.

I any eye that lights by ch[illegible] on your,
ll put your life and safety to the hazard.
[*They confer as*

Enter HORATIO.

Hor. Still I must doubt some mystery of mi
ome artifice beneath. Lothario's father!
knew him well; he was sagacious, cunning
luent in words, and bold in peaceful counse
ut of a cold, inactive hand in war;
'et, with these coward's virtues, he undid
dy unsuspecting, valiant, honest friend.
This son, if fame mistakes not, is more hot,
More open and unartful—Ha! he's here! [*Seei*
Loth. Damnation! He again!—This seco
To-day he has crofs'd me, like my evil genii
Hor. I sought you, sir.
Loth. 'Tis well then I am found.
Hor. 'Tis well you are. The man who w
To the earth's utmost verge I would purs
No place, though e'er so holy, should pro
[illegible] fear e'er form'd, should

Loth. Then since thou dost provoke my vengeance,
I would not, for this city's wealth, for all [know
Which the sea wafts to our Ligurian shore,
But that the joys I reap'd with that fond wanton,
The wife of Altamont, should be as public
As is the noon-day sun, air, earth, or water,
Or any common benefit of nature.
Think'st thou I meant the shame should be conceal'd?
Oh, no! by hell and vengeance, all I wanted
Was some fit meſsenger to bear the news
To the dull doating husband: now I have found him,
And thou art he.

Hor. I hold thee base enough
To break through law, and spurn at sacred order,
And do a brutal injury like this.
Yet mark me well, young lord; I think Calista
Too nice, too noble, and too great of soul,
To be the prey of such a thing as thou art.
'Twas base and poor, unworthy of a man,
To forge a *scroll* so villanous and loose,
And mark it with a noble lady's name:
e are the mean dishonest arts of cowards,
gers to manhood, and to glorious dangers;
red at home in idleneſs and riot,
k for mistreſses th' unwholesome stews,
ver know the worth of virtuous love.

You blast the fair with lies, because they scorn you,
Hate you like age, like uglineſs and impotence:
Rather than make you bleſt, they would die virgins,
And ſtop the propagation of mankind.

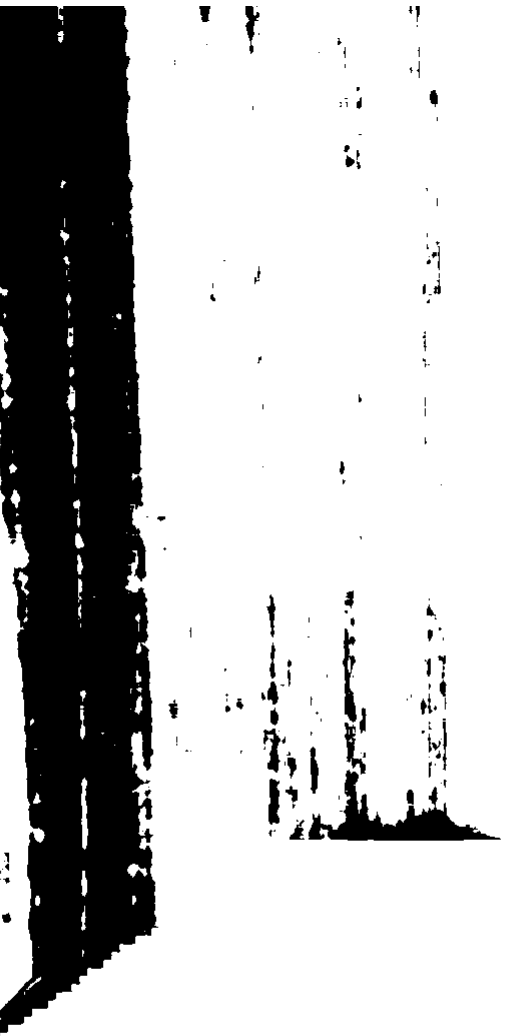
Loth. It is the curſe of fools to be ſecure,
And that be thine and Altamont's. Dream on;
Nor think upon my vengeance till thou feel'ſt it.

Hor. Hold, ſir; another word, and then farewell:
Though I think greatly of Calista's virtue,
And hold it far beyond thy pow'r to hurt;
Yet, as ſhe ſhares the honour of my Altamont,
That treaſure of a ſoldier, bought with blood,
And kept at life's expence, I muſt not have
(Mark me, young ſir,) her very name profan'd.
Learn to reſtrain the license of your ſpeech;
'Tis held you are too lavish. When you are met
Among your ſet of fools, talk of your dreſs,
Of dice, of whores, of horſes, and yourſelves;
'Tis ſafer, and becomes your underſtandings.

Loth. What if we paſs beyond this ſolemn order,
And, in defiance of the ſtern Horatio,
Indulge our gayer thoughts, let laughter looſe,
And uſe his ſacred friendſhip for our mirth?

Hor. 'Tis well, ſir, you are pleaſant——

Loth. By the joys
Which my ſoul yet has uncontrol'd purſu'd,



A beggar's parasite!
Hor. Now learn humanity,
[*Offers to strike him; Rossano interposes.*
Since brutes and boys are only taught with blows.
Loth. Damnation! [*They draw.*
Ros. Hold, this goes no further here.
Horatio, 'tis too much; already see
The crowd are gath'ring to us.
Loth. Oh, Rossano!
Or give me way, or thou'rt no more my friend.
Ros. Sciolto's servants, too, have ta'en th' alarm;
You'll be oppress'd by numbers. Be advis'd,
Or I must force you hence. Tak't on my word,
You shall have justice done you on Horatio.
Put up, my lord.
Loth. This wo' not brook delay;
West of the town a mile, among the rocks,
Two hours ere noon, to-morrow, I expect thee,
[illegible] single hand to mine.
Hor. I'll meet thee there.
Loth. To-morrow, Oh, my better stars! to-morrow
[illegible] your influence; shine strongly for me;
[illegible] not a common conquest I would gain,
[illegible] love as well as arms, must grace my triumph.
[*Exeunt Lothario and Rossano.*

ACT III.

SCENE I. An Apartment in Sciolto's *Palace.*

Enter SCIOLTO *and* CALISTA.

Sci. Now, by my life, my honour, 'tis too much!
Have I not mark'd thee, wayward as thou art,
Perverse and sullen all this day of joy?
When ev'ry heart was cheer'd and mirth went round,
Sorrow, displeasure, and repining anguish,
Sat on thy brow; " like some malignant planet,
" Foe to the harvest and the healthy year,
" Who scowls adverse, and lours upon the world;
" When all the other stars, with gentle aspect,
" Propitious shine, and meaning good to man."
Cal. Is then the task of duty half perform'd?
Has not your daughter giv'n herself to Altamont,
Yielded the native freedom of her will
To an imperious husband's lordly rule,
To gratify a father's stern command?
Sci. Dost thou complain?
Cal. For pity do not frown then,
If in despite of all my vow'd obedience.

That was thy mother; "by her wond'rous
"Her soft, her tender, most complying sw
I swear, some sullen thought that shuns t
Lurks underneath that sadness in thy visa
But mark me well, though by yon Heav'n I
As much, I think, as a fond parent can;
Yet should'st thou, (which the pow'rs abov
E'er stain the honour of thy name with in
I'll cast thee off, as one whose impious ha
Had rent asunder nature's nearest ties,
Which, once divided, never join again.
To-day I've made a noble youth thy husba
Consider well his worth; reward his love;
Be willing to be happy, and thou art so.'

[*Exit S*

Cal. How hard is the condition of our s
Through ev'ry state of life the slaves of m
In all the dear delightful days of youth
A rigid father dictates to our wills,
And deals out pleasure with a scanty hand
To his, the tyrant husband's reign succeed
Proud with opinion of superior reason,
He holds domestic bus'ness and devotion
All we are capable to know, and shuts us,
Like cloister'd ideots, from the world's acqu
And all the joys of freedom

Speaks not the mind of honour, nor the friend,
But rather means the spy.
Hor. Unkindly said!
For, oh! as sure as you accuse me falsely,
I come to prove myself Calista's friend.
Cal. You are my husband's friend, the friend of Altamont! [Heaven,
Hor. Are you not one? Are you not join'd by Each interwoven with the other's fate?
Are you not mixt like streams of meeting rivers,
Whose blended waters are no more distinguish'd,
But roll into the sea, one common flood?
Then who can give his friendship but to one?
Who can be Altamont's and not Calista's?
Cal. Force, and the wills of our imperious rulers,
May bind two bodies in one wretched chain;
But minds will still look back to their own choice.
" So the poor captive in a foreign realm,
" Stands on the shore, and sends his wishes back
" To the dear native land from whence he came."
Hor. When souls that should agree to will the same,
To have one common object for their wishes,
Look different ways, regardless of each other,
Think what a train of wretchedness ensues:
Love shall be banish'd from the genial bed,
The night shall all be lonely and unquiet,

A shameful tale to tell, for public sport,
Of an unhappy beauty, a false fair one,
Who plighted to a noble youth her faith,
When she had giv'n her honour to a wretch.
Cal. Death and confusion! Have I liv'd to this?
Thus to be treated with unmanly insolence!
To be the sport of a loose ruffian's tongue!
Thus to be us'd! thus! like the vilest creature,
That ever was a slave to vice and infamy.
Hor. By honour and fair truth, you wrong me much;
For, on my soul, nothing but strong necessity
Could urge my tongue to this ungrateful office.
I came with strong reluctance, as if death
Had stood across my way, to save your honour,
Yours and Scioto's, yours and Altamont's;
Like one who ventures through a burning pile,
To save his tender wife, with all her brood
Of little fondlings, from the dreadful ruin.
Cal. Is this the famous friend of Altamont,
For noble worth and deeds of arms renown'd?
this the tale-bearing officious fellow,
watches for intelligence from eyes;
wretched Argus of a jealous husband,

lucky minute of your fate.
By me your genius speaks, by me it warns
Never to see that curst Lothario more;
Unless you mean to be despis'd, be shunn'd
By all our virtuous maids and noble matron
Unless you have devoted this rare beauty
To infamy, diseases, prostitution———
Cal. Dishonour blast thee, base, unmannerly
That dar'st forget my birth, and sacred sex,
And shock me with the rude, unhallow'd sou
Hor. Here kneel, and in the awful face of
Breathe out a solemn vow, never to see,
For think, if possible, on him that ruin'd the
r, by my Altamont's dear life, I swear,
his paper; nay, you must not fly—This pap
his guilty paper shall divulge your shame——
[*Holding A*
Cal. What mean'st thou by that paper? contrivance
st thou been forging to deceive my father;
turn his heart against his wretched daughte
it Altamont and thou may share his
wrong like this will ——

" Oh, let me find her, snatch her to
" And tell her she delays my bliſs t
" Till my ſoft ſoul ev'n ſickens with
Diſorder'd !—and in tears !—Horatio
My friend is in amaze—What can it
Tell me, Calista, who has done thee
That my ſwift ſword may find out th
And do thee ample juſtice.

Cal. Turn to him.

Alt. Horatio!

Cal. To that inſolent.

Alt. My friend!

Could he do this? He, who was half
" One faith has ever bound us, and o
" Guided our wills. Have I not foun
" Honeſt as truth itſelf? And" could
The ſanctity of friendſhip? Could he
The heart of Altamont in his Calista?

Cal. I thought what juſtice I ſhould f
Go fawn upon him, liſten to his tale,
Applaud his malice, that would blaſt
And treat me like a common proſtitut
Thou art, perhaps, confederate in his
And wilt believe the legend, if he tells

Alt. Oh, impious! what preſumptuou

stream which warms her heart, and
ev'ry falling tear a drop of blood, [number'd
It had not been too much; for she has ruin'd thee,
Ev'n thee, my Altamont. She has undone thee.
Alt. Dost thou join ruin with Calista's name?
What is so fair, so exquisitely good?
Is she not more than painting can express,
Or youthful poets fancy when they love?
" Does she not come, like wisdom, or good fortune,
" Replete with blessings, giving wealth and honour?
" The dowry which she brings is peace and pleasure,
" And everlasting joys are in her arms."
Hor. It had been better thou had'st liv'd a beggar,
And fed on scraps at great men's surly doors,
Than to have match'd with one so false, so fatal.—
Alt. It is too much for friendship to allow thee.
Because I tamely bore the wrong thou didst her,
Thou dost avow the barb'rous, brutal part,
And urge the injury ev'n to my face.
Hor. I see she has got possession of thy he
'd thee, like a syren, to her

Do churlishly deny my love a [redacted]
It is not worth my keeping; I [redacted]

Hor. Canst thou so soon forget what I've be
I shar'd the task of nature with thy father, [t
And form'd with care thy unexperienc'd youth
To virtue and to arms.
Thy noble father, oh, thou light young man!
Wou'd he have us'd me thus? One fortune fed
For his was ever mine, mine his, and both
Together flourish'd, and together fell.
He call'd me friend, like thee: wou'd he have
Thus, for a woman, and a vile one, too?

Alt. Thou canst not, dar'st not mean it? Speak a
Say, who is vile; but dare not name Callista.

Hor. I had not spoke at first, unless compell
And forc'd to clear myself; but since thus urg
I must avow, I do not know a viler. [

Alt. Thou wert my father's friend; he lov
" A kind of venerable mark of him [ge
" Hangs round thee, and protects thee from
I cannot, dare not lift my sword against the
But henceforth never let me see thee more. [*Go*

Hor. I love thee still, ungrateful as thou
And must and will preserve thee from dish
[redacted] in despite of thee. [*Ho*

Hor. A blow! thou hast us'd me well—— [*Draws.*
Alt. This to thy heart——
Hor. Yet hold—By Heav'n his father's in his face!
Spite of my wrongs, my heart runs o'er with tender-
And I could rather die myself than hurt him. [nefs,
Alt. Defend thyself; for by my much wrong'd love,
I swear, the poor evasion shall not save thee.
Hor. Yet hold—" thou know'st I dare—think how we've liv'd——
[*They fight; Altamont presses on Horatio, who retires.*
" Nay then, 'tis brutal violence; and thus,
" Thus Nature bids me guard the life she gave.
" [*They fight.*"

LAVINIA *enters, and runs between their Swords.*

Lav. My brother, my Horatio! Is it poſsible!
Oh, turn your cruel swords upon Lavinia.
If you must quench your impious rage in blood,
Behold, my heart shall give you all her store,
To save those dearer streams that flow from yours.
Alt. 'Tis well thou hast found a safe-guard; none but this,
No pow'r on earth could save thee from my fury.
" *Lav.* O fatal, deadly sound!"

" And spea[illegible]
" Behold, his anger melts,
" To call you friend, then prefs you [illegible]
" The tender, speechlefs joy of reconcilement."

Alt. It cannot, shall not be—you must not hold [me.

Lav. Look kindly, then.

Alt. Each minute that I stay,
Is a new injury to fair Calista.
From thy falfe friendfhip, to her arms I'll fly;
" There, if in any pauſe of love I reſt,
" Breathleſs with bliſs, upon her panting breaſt,
" In broken, melting accents, I will ſwear,
" Henceforth to truſt my heart with none but her;"
Then own, the joys which on her charms attend,
Have more than paid me for my faithleſs friend.

[*Altamont breaks from Lavinia, and exit.*

Hor. Oh, raiſe thee, my Lavinia, from the earth.
It is too much; this tide of flowing grief,
This wond'rous waſte of tears, too much to give
To an ungrateful friend, and cruel brother.

Lav. Is there not cauſe for weeping? Oh, Horatio!
A brother and a huſband were my treaſure,
'Twas all the little wealth that poor Lavinia
Sav'd from the ſhipwreck of her father's fortunes.
One half is loſt already. If thou leav'ſt me;
If thou ſhould'ſt prove unkind to me, as Altamont,
[illegible] ſhall I find to pity my diſtreſs,

" Kno[illegible]
Hor.

To so[illegible]
Nor will [illegible]
For aught[illegible]
" *Lav.*
" My cou[illegible]
" Though
" And be
" And all
" So, wh[illegible]
" Thou[illegible]
" Glad[illegible]
" And
" Go[illegible]
" B[illegible]
" Cl[illegible]

Hor. Why dost thou wound me with
complainings?
Though Altamont be false, and use me bar
Yet think not I impute his crimes to thee.
Talk not of being forsaken; for I'll keep t
Next to my heart, my certain pledge of hap
" Heav'n form'd thee gentle, fair, and full
nefs,
" And made thee all my portion here on ea
" It gave thee to me, as a large amends
" For fortune, friends, and all the world be
Lav. Then you will love me still, cherish
And hide me from misfortune in your boso
" Here end my cares, nor will I lose one th
" How we shall live, or purchase food and
" The holy Pow'r, who clothes the senselef
" With woods, with fruits, with flow'rs, and
grafs,
" Whose bounteous hand feeds the whol
" Knows all our wants, and has enough to
Hor. From Genoa, from falsehood and
stancy,
To some more honest, distant clime we'll g
Nor will I be beholden to my country,
For aught but thee, the partner of my ligh

" Turn not to thought, my brain; but let me find
" Some unfrequented shade; there lay me down,
" And let forgetful dulneſs steal upon me,
" To soften and aſsuage this pain of thinking.
[*Exit.*

LOTHARIO *and* CALISTA *discovered.*

Loth. Weep not, my fair; but let the God of Love
Laugh in thy eyes, and revel in thy heart,
Kindle again his torch, and hold it high,
To light us to new joys. Nor let a thought
f discord, or disquiet past, molest thee;
to a long oblivion give thy cares,
let us melt the present hour in bliſs. [ments,
al. Seek not to sooth me with thy false endear-
charm me with thy softneſs: 'tis in vain:
canst no more betray, nor I be ruin'd.
hours of folly, and of fond delight,
wasted all, and fled; those that remain
doom'd to weeping, anguish, and repentance.
to charge thee with a long account,

Loth. Hear this, ye pow'rs! mark, how the fair
Sadly complains of violated truth; [deceiver
She calls me false, ev'n she, the faithless she,
Whom day and night, whom heav'n and earth have
Sighing to vow, and tenderly protest, [heard
Ten thousand times, she would be only mine;
And yet, behold, she has given herself away,
Fled from my arms, and wedded to another,
Ev'n to the man whom most I hate on earth.—
Cal. Art thou so base to upbraid me with a crime,
Which nothing but thy cruelty could cause?
If indignation raging in my soul,
For thy unmanly insolence and scorn,
Urg'd me to a deed of desperation,
And wound myself to be reveng'd on thee,
Think whom I should devote to death and hell,
Whom curse as my undoer, but Lothario;
Hadst thou been just, not all Sciolto's pow'r,
Not all the vows and pray'rs of sighing Altamont,
Could have prevail'd, or won me to forsake thee.
Loth. How have I fail'd in justice, or in love?
Burns not my flame as brightly as at first?
Ev'n now my heart beats high, I languish for thee
My transports are as fierce, as strong my wishes
As if thou ne'er hadst blest me with thy beauty
Cal. How didst thou dare to think that I
A slave to [illegible] brutal pleasure

Has yet a thousand tender thing
To charm thy rage, and mitigate

Enter behind them AL

Alt. " I have lost my peace"-
wake ?

Cal. Hadst thou been true, hov
Not Altamont, but thou, hadst b
But wherefore nam'd I happinef
It is for thee, for thee, that I am
For thee my secret soul each ho
Calls me to answer for my virtue
My honour lost to thee : for thee
With stern Sciolto vowing venge
With Altamont complaining for

Alt. Behold him here— [C

Cal. Ah!

Alt. The wretch! whom thou
Curses and sorrows hast thou he
And vengeance is the only good

Loth. Thou hast tn'en me so

Yet let not this advantage swell thy pride,
I conquer'd in my turn, in love I triumph'd.
Those joys are lodg'd beyond the reach of fate;
That sweet revenge comes smiling to my though
Adorns my fall, and cheers my heart in dying.
[*Dies.*

Cal. And what remains for me, beset with shan
Encompaſs'd round with wretchedneſs? There is
But this one way to break the toil, and 'scape.
[*She catches up Lothario's Sword, and offe*
to kill herself; Altamont runs to her, a
wrests it from her.

Alt. What means thy frantic rage!

Cal. Off! let me go. [st

Alt. Oh! thou hast more than murder'd me;
Still art thou here! and my soul starts with horr
At thought of any danger that may reach thee.

Cal. Think'st thou I mean to live? to be forgiv'
Oh, thou hast known but little of Calista!
If thou had'st never heard my shame, if only
The midnight moon and silent stars had seen it,

[Offers to kill Calista, *Altamont* i

Alt. Stay thee, Sciolto, thou rash fat
Or turn the point on me, and through
Cut out the bloody paſſage to Caliſta:
So ſhall my love be perfect, while for
I die, for whom alone I wiſh'd to live.

Cal. No, Altamont; my heart that
Shall never be indebted to thy pity.
Thus torn, defac'd, and wretched as I
Still I have ſomething of Sciolto's virtu
Yes, yes, my father, I applaud thy juſtic
Strike home, and I will bleſs thee for t
Be merciful, and free me from my pain
'Tis ſharp, 'tis terrible, and I could cur
The cheerful day, men, earth, and heav'
Ev'n thee, thou venerable good old man
For being author of a wretch like me.

Alt. Liſten not to the wildneſs of her
Remember nature! Should thy daughte
Defile that hand, ſo juſt, ſo great in arm
Her blood would reſt upon thee to poſte
Pollute thy name, and ſully all thy wars.

Cal. Have I not

—— is this the mercy of a father?
I only beg to die, and he denies me.
Sci. Hence, from my sight! thy fath
Fly with thy infamy to some dark cell,
Where, on the confines of eternal night,
Mourning, misfortune, cares, and anguish
Where ugly shame hides her opprobrious
And death and hell detested rule maintain;
There howl out the remainder of thy life,
And wish thy name may be no more remem
Cal. Yes, I will fly to some such dismal p
And be more curs'd than you can wish I we
This fatal form that drew on my undoing,
Fasting, and tears, and hardship shall destr
Nor light, nor food, nor comfort will I know
Nor ought that may continue hated life.
Then, when you see me meagre, wan, and cl
Stretch'd at my length, and dying in my cav
In that cold earth I mean shall be my grave,
Perhaps you may relent, and sighing say,
At length her tears have wash'd her stains a
At length 'tis time her pun[illegible]

like an old man, talk'd a-while, and then
Laid down and slept in peace. Instead of this,
Sorrow and shame must bring me to my grave——
" Oh, damn her! damn her!"

Enter a SERVANT.

Serv. Arm yourself, my lord:
Rosano, who but now escap'd the garden,
Has gather'd in the street a band of rioters,
Who threaten you and all your friends with ruin,
Unless Lothario be return'd in safety. [*Exit.*

Sci. By Heav'n, their fury rises to my wish,
Nor shall misfortune know my house alone,
But thou, Lothario, and thy race shall pay me
For all the sorrows which my age is curs'd with.
I think my name as great, my friends as potent,
As any in the state; all shall be summon'd;
I know that all will join their hands to ours,
To vindicate thy vengeance. When our force
Is all arm'd, we shall expect thy sword,

— [illegible]'s life; bring him me safe,
And I shall be at ease, be well and happy.
[*Exeunt Servants.*
Alt. Art thou Lavinia? Oh! what barb'rous hand
Could wrong thy poor defenceleſs innocence,
And leave such marks of more than savage fury?
Lav. My brother! Oh my heart is full of fears;
Perhaps ev'n now my dear Horatio bleeds.—
Not far from hence, as paſsing to the port,
By a mad multitude we were surrounded,
Who ran upon us with uplifted swords,
And cry'd aloud for vengeance, and Lothario.
My lord, with ready boldneſs, stood the shock,
To shelter me from danger; but in vain,
Had not a party from Sciolto's palace
Rush'd out, and snatch'd me from amidst the fray.
Alt. What of my friend?
Lav. Ha! by my joys, 'tis he! [*Looking out.*
He lives, he comes to bleſs me, he is safe!——

Enter HORATIO, *with two or three* SERVANTS *their Swords drawn.*

1st Serv. 'Twere at the utmost hazard of your

Far, far from thy remembrance.

" *Alt.* I have mark'd him,
" To see if one forgiving glance stole hither;
" If any spark of friendship were alive,
" That would by sympathy at meeting glow,
" And strive to kindle up the flame a-new;
" 'Tis lost, 'tis gone; his soul is quite estrang'd,
" And knows me for its counterpart no more.

" *Hor.* Thou know'st thy rule, thy empire in Horatio;
" Nor canst thou ask in vain, command in vain,
" Where nature, reason, nay, where love is judge;
" But when you urge my temper to comply
With what it most abhors, I cannot do it.

" *Lav.* Where didst thou get this sullen gloomy [hate?
't was not in thy nature to be thus;
ome, put it off, and let thy heart be cheerful,
e gay again, and know the joys of friendship,
ne *trust*, security, and mutual tenderness,
ne *double* joys, where each is glad for both;
riendship, the wealth, the last retreat and strength,
against ill fortune, and the world."

I own, I cannot easily forgive it.
Alt. Thou hast forgot me.
Hor. No.
Alt. Why are thy eyes
Impatient of me then, scornful, and fiere
Hor. Because they speak the meaning of
Because they're honest, and disdain a vill
Alt. I've wrong'd thee much, Horatio.
Hor. True, thou hast.
When I forget it may I be a wretch,
Vile as thyself, a false perfidious fellow,
An infamous, believing, British husband.
Alt. I've wrong'd thee much, and Heav'
aveng'd it.
I have not, since we parted, been at peac
Nor known one joy sincere; " our brok
" Pursu'd me to the last retreat of love,
" Stood glaring like a ghost, and made
with horror.
" Misfortunes on misfortunes prefs upon
" Swell o'er my head like waves, and dash
" Sorrow, remorse, and shame, have torn
" They hang like winter on my youthful

[*Lavinia runs to him, and endeavours to raise him.*

" *Lav.* Speak to me, Altamont. [triumph!
" He faints! he dies! Now, turn and see thy
" My brother! But our cares shall end together;
" Here will I lay me down by thy dear side,
" Bemoan thy too hard fate, then share it with thee,
" And never see my cruel lord again."

[*Horatio runs to Altamont, and raises him in his Arms.*

Hor. It is too much to bear! Look up, my Alta- [mont!
My stubborn, unrelenting heart has kill'd him.
" Look up and bleſs me; tell me that thou liv'st.
" Oh! I have urg'd thy gentleneſs too far;
[*He revives.*
o thou and my Lavinia both forgive me;"
ood of tenderneſs comes o'er my soul;
nnot speak—I love, forgive, and pity thee—
lt. I thought that nothing cou'd have stay'd my soul;
t long ere this her flight had reach'd the stars;
thy known voice has lur'd her back again.

I feel thy pangs of disappointed love.
" Is it not pity that this youth should fall,
" That all his wond'rous goodneſs should
" And the world never know it? Oh, my Al
Give me thy sorrows, let me bear 'em for t
And shelter thee from ruin.
Lav. Oh, my brother,
Think not but we will share in all thy wo
We'll sit all day, and tell sad tales of love:
And when we light upon some faithleſs w
Some beauty, like Calista, false and fair,
We'll fix our grief, and our complaining th
We'll curse the nymph that drew the ruin
And mourn the youth that was, like thee, t
[*E*

ACT V.

SCENE I. A Room hung with Black

" Bid her die and
" See the sexton w
" See the grave al
" Listen, fair one,
" This music is thy

Cal. 'Tis well! these s
Are fit to feed the frenzy
Here's room for meditatio
Till the mind burst with t
Sleeps in the socket. Sur
To tell me something;—fo
He teaches holy sorrow an
And penitence.—Is it beco
A trick that lazy, dull, luxu
Can teach us to do over? I'

[*Thr*

I have more real anguish in
Than all their pedant discip
What charnel has been rifle
Fie! this is pageantry:—the
But what of that, if he or sh
Safe from disquiet sit, and s
The farce their miserable re
But here's a sight is terrible
Is this that haughty, gallant

pectatress of the mischief which she ma
Cal. It is Sciolto! Be thyself, my soul,
e strong to bear his fatal indignation,
hat he may see thou art not lost so far,
ut somewhat still of his great spirit lives
the forlorn Calista.
Sci. Thou wert once
daughter.
Cal. Happy were it I had dy'd,
d never lost that name.
Sci. That's something yet;
u wert the very darling of my age:
ought the day too short to gaze upon the
all the blessings I could gather for thee,
ares on earth, and by my prayers to Hea
little for my fondness to bestow;
didst thou turn to folly, then, and curse
. Because my soul was rudely drawn from
r imperfect copy of my father,
re goodness, and the strength of manly v
thinly planted, and the idle void
up with light belief, and easy fondness
because I lov'd, and was a woman.
Hadst thou been honest, thou hadst ha
hat joy, as of a gem lost
redemption

Was mistreſs of the world.
And tell thee all my purpose
Here at my heart, and canno
Cal. Then spare the tellin
And write the meaning with
Sci. Oh! truly gueſs'd—see
hand— [*H*
Thrice justice urg'd—and th
Forgot their office, and confe
At length the stubborn virtue
It must, it must be so—Oh!

And know the rest untaught.
Cal. I understand you.
It is but thus, and both are s
[*She offers to kill herself*:
of her Arm.
Sci. A moment, give me ye
The stern, the rigid judge has
Now nature, and the father, c
I've held the balance with an
And put off ev'ry tender hum
To doom my child to death;
The most unnatural sight, lest
My old brain split, and I grow
Cal. Ha! is it poſſible, and

...man half his years be ...
...it were otherwise—but the...
Cal. That I must die, it is my only ...
Death is the privilege of human nature...
And life without it were not worth our...
" Thither the poor, the pris'ner, and th...
" Fly for relief, and lay their burthens ...
Come then, and take me into thy cold ar...
Thou meagre shade ; here let me breathe...
Charm'd with my father's pity and forgive...
More than if angels tun'd their golden viol...
And sung a requiem to my parting soul.
Sci. I'm summon'd hence ; ere this my fr...
There is I know not what of sad presage,
That tells me, I shall never see thee more ;
f it be so, this is our last farewel,
nd these the parting pangs, which nature
hen anguish rends the heart-strings—
daughter! [*Exit S*
Cal. Now think, thou curst Calista, now
e desolation, horror, blood, and ruin,
r crimes and fatal folly spread...
t loudly cry for vengeance...

But, oh, [illegible]
Bends to thy gentler [illegible]
Such is thy truth, thy tenderneſs, and [illegible]
" Such are the graces that adorn thy youth,"
That, were I not abandon'd to deſtruction,
With thee I might have lived for ages bleſs'd,
And dy'd in peace within thy faithful arms.
Alt. Then happineſs is ſtill within our reach.
Here let remembrance loſe our paſt misfortunes,
Tear all records that hold the fatal ſtory;
Here let our joys begin, from hence go on,
In long ſucceſſive order.
Cal. What! in death?
Alt. Then art thou fix'd to die?——But be it ſo;
We'll go together; my advent'rous love
Shall follow thee " to thoſe uncertain beings.
" Whether our lifeleſs ſhades are doom'd to wander
" In gloomy groves, with diſcontented ghoſts;
" Or whether through the upper air we fleet,

The [illegible]
Cal.

Doſt th
And yo
Hide y
For I a
And w
This
Thus
H

[illegible] to the false ones of thy sex, that never
Nor known the arts of ours; she shall re
Meet thee with virtues equal to thy own,
Charm thee with sweetneſs, beauty, and w
Be bleſt in thee alone, and thou in her.

Enter HORATIO.

Hor. Now, mourn indeed, ye miſerable
For now the meaſure of your woes is full.
Alt. What doſt thou mean, Horatio?
Hor. Oh, 'tis dreadful!
The great, the good Sciolto dies this mom
Cal. My father!
Alt. That's a deadly ſtroke, indeed.
Hor. Not long ago he privately went fort
ttended but by few, and thoſe unbidden.
heard which way he took, and ſtraight purſu
it found him compaſs'd by Lothario's facti
moſt alone, amidſt a crowd of foes.
o late we brought him aid, and drove them
e that, his frantic valour had provok'd
e death he ſeem'd to wish for from [illegible]
Cal. And doſt [illegible]

Let silence and oblivion hide thy name,
And save thee from the malice of posterity;
And may'st thou find with Heav'n the same forgiveneſs,
As with thy father here.——Die, and be happy.

Cal. Celestial sounds! Peace dawns upon my soul
And ev'ry pain grows leſs—Oh, gentle Altamont!
Think not too hardly of me when I'm gone;
But pity me——Had I but early known
Thy wond'rous worth, thou excellent young man,
We had been happier both——Now, 'tis too late;
And yet my eyes take pleasure to behold thee;
Thou art their last dear object——Mercy, Heav'n!
[*She dies.*

Alt. Cold! dead, and cold! and yet thou art not chang'd,
But lovely still. Hadst thou a thousand faults,
What heart so hard, what virtue so severe,
at that beauty must of force relented,
d to pity, love, and to forgiveneſs?
Oh, turn thee from that fatal object, Altamont,
near, and let me bleſs thee, ere I die.
e, and brave Horatio, I bequeath

While I pursue my [illegible]
And find my only portion in the grave.
Hor. The storm of grief bears hard upon hi
And bends him, like a drooping flower to ea
By such examples are we taught to prove
The sorrows that attend unlawful love.
Death, or some worse misfortune soon divi
The injur'd bridegroom from his guilty brid
If you would have the nuptial union last,
Let virtue be the bond that ties it fast.
[*Exeunt*

YOU see the tripping dame could fi
Dearly she paid for breach of good
Nor could her loving husband's fond
Italian ladies lead but scurvy lives,
There's dreadful dealings with elopi
Thus 'tis, because these husbands a
By force of laws, which for themselv
With tales of old prescriptions, they
The right of marriage-rules to their t
And huff, and domineer by right divi
Had we the pow'r, we'd make the ty
What 'tis to fail in duties which they
We'd teach the saunt'ring squire, who
Forgetful of his own dear spouse at h
Who snores, at night, supinely by her
'Twas not for this the nuptial knot wa
The plodding petty-fogger, and the cit
Have learn'd, at least, this modern wa
Each ill-bred, senseless rogue, though
Has th' impudence to think his wife a
He spends the night, where merry wag
With joking clubs, and eighteen-penny
While she, poor soul, 's contented to re
By a sad sea-coal

BY

GEORGE COLMAN, ESQ.

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PICCADILLY.

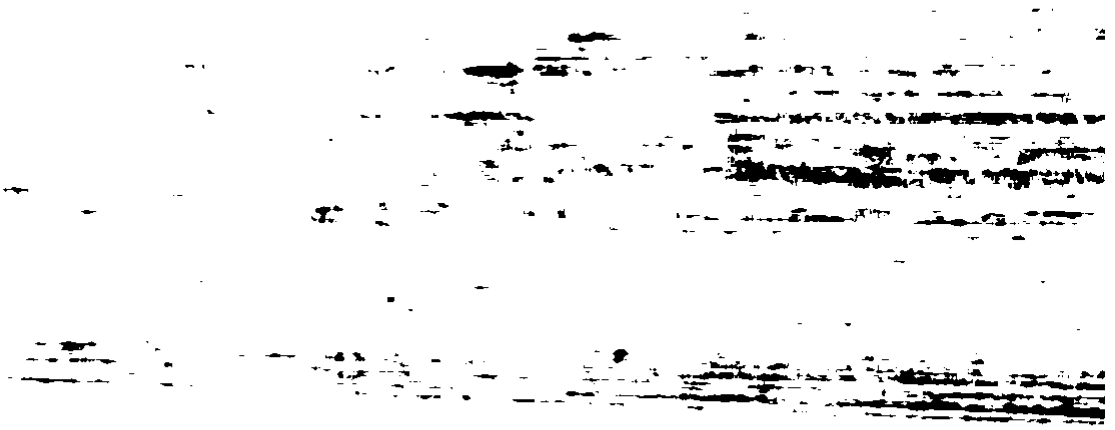
1804.

Who shores, at night, supinely by her side;
'Twas not for this the nuptial knot was ty'd.
The plodding petty-fogger, and the cit,
Have learn'd, at least, this modern way of wit.
Each ill-bred, senseless rogue, though ne'er so dull,
Has th' impudence to think his wife a fool;
He spends the night, where merry wags resort,
With joking clubs, and eighteen-penny port;
While she, poor soul, 's contented to regale,
By a sad sea-coal fire, with wigs and ale.
Well may the cuckold-making tribe find grace,
And fill an absent husband's empty place.
If you would e'er bring constancy in fashion,
You men must first begin the reformation.
Then shall the golden age of love return,
No turtle for her wand'ring mate shall mourn:
No foreign charms shall cause domestic strife,
But every married man shall toast his wife;
Phillis shall not be to the country sent,
Nor carnivals in town to keep a tedious Lent;
And envious scandal die,
and I.

FARCE.

BY

GEORGE COLMAN, ESQ



PROLOGUE.

SPOKEN BY MR. KING.

HITHER, in days of yore, from Spain or France,
Came a dread sorceress; her name *Romance*.
O'er Britain's isle her wayward spells she cast,
And common sense in magic chain bound fast.
In mad sublime did each fond lover woo,
And in heroics ran each billet-doux:
High deeds of chivalry their sole delight,
Each fair a maid distrest, each swain a knight.
Then might Statira Oroondates see,
At tilts and tournaments, arm'd cap-a-pee.
She too, on milk-white palfrey, lance in hand,
A dwarf to guard her, prane'd about the land.
This fiend to quell, his sword Cervantes drew,
A trusty Spanish blade, Toledo true:
Her talismans and magic wand he broke——

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Honeycombe.	*Mrs.* Honeycombe.
Ledger.	Polly.
Scribble.	*Nurse.*

SCENE I. An Apartment in Honeycombe's *House.*

POLLY, *with a Book in her Hand.*

WELL said, Sir George!—O the dear man!—But so——'With these words the enraptur'd baronet [*reading*] concluded his declaration of love.'——So!——'But what heart can imagine, [*reading*] what tongue describe, or what pen delineate, the amiable confusion of Emilia?'—Well, now for it.——'Reader, if thou art a courtly reader, thou hast seen, at polite tables, iced cream crimsoned with raspberries; or, if thou art an uncourtly reader, thou hast seen the rosy-finger'd morning dawning in the golden east.'—Dawning in the golden east!—Very pretty.—'Thou hast seen perhaps [*reading*] the artificial vermilion on the cheeks of Cleora, or the vermilion of nature on those of Sylvia; thou hast seen—in a word, the lovely face of Emilia was overspread with blushes.'——This is a most beautiful paſsage, I protest! Well, a novel for my money!—Lord, Lord, my stupid papa has no taste. He has no notion of humour and character, and the sensibility of delicate feeling. [*Affectedly.*] And then mama——But where was I?—Oh, here——'Over-

his accustomed

Enter NURSE.

Oh, Nurse, I am glad to see you!—Well, and

Nur. Well, chicken?

Pol. Tell me, tell me all this instant. I

see him? Did you give him my letter?

write? Will he come? Shall I see him? H

got the answer in your pocket? Have you—

Nur. Blessings on her, how her tongue

Pol. Nay, but come, dear nursee, tell

did he say?

Nurs. Say? why, he took the letter——

Pol. Well!

Nur. And kiss'd it a thousand times, a

a thousand times, and——

Pol. Oh charming!

Nur. And ran about the room, and

self, — and, Heav'n preserve us, cur

and——

Pol. Very fine, very fine!

Nur. And vowed he was the mos

creature upon earth, and the happiest

world, and——

Pol. Prodigiously fine! excellent!

dear nursee. [*Kissing her.*] Come,

Lette

——[*Looking into the Book.*] 'She raved; but the baronet'——I really think I love Mr. Scribble as well as Emilia did Sir George—Do you think, nursee, I should have had such a good notion of love so early if I had not read novels? Did not I make a conquest of Mr. Scribble in a single night at a dancing? but my cross papa will hardly ever let me go out.—And then, I know life as well as if I had been in the beau-monde all my days. I can tell the nature of a masquerade as well as if I had been at twenty. I long for a mobbing scheme with Mr. Scribble in the two-shilling gallery, or a snug party a little way out of town in a postchaise——And then I have such a head full of intrigues and contrivances! Oh, nursee, a novel is the only thing.

Nur. Contrivances! ay, marry, you have need of contrivances. Here are your papa and mama fully resolved to marry you to young Mr. Ledger, Mr. [illegible] meon the rich Jew's wife's nephew; and all [illegible] while your head runs upon nothing but Mr. Scrib[illegible]

Pol. A fiddle-stick's end for Mr. Ledger!—[illegible] you what, nursee, I'll marry Mr. Scribble, [illegible]

adventures of Tom Ramble, and fifty others.—Did not they all elope? and so will I too. I have as much right to elope as they had; for I have as much love, and as much spirit as the best of them.

Nur. Why, Mr. Scribble's a fine man, to be sure, a gentleman every inch of him.

Pol. So he is; a dear charming man!——Will you elope too, nursee?

Nur. Not for the varsal world. Suppose now, chicken, your papa and mama——

Pol. What care I for papa and mama? Have not they been married and happy long enough ago? and are they not still coaxing, and fondling, and kissing each other all the day long?—Where's my dear love. [*Mimicking.*] My beauty! says papa, hobbling along with his crutch-headed cane and his old gouty legs. Ah, my sweeting, my precious Mr. Honeycombe, d'ye love your nown dear wife? says ma; and then they squeeze their hard hands to h other, and their old eyes twinkle, and they're loving as Darby and Joan,—especially if mama had a cordial or two—Eh, nursee!

Nur. Oh fie, chicken!

Pol. And then, perhaps, in comes my uncle

would make nine characters for a novel, all three of them.

Nur. Ah, you're a graceleſs bird!——But I must go down stairs, and watch if the coast's clear, in case of a letter.

Pol. Cou'd you not go to Mr. Scribble's again after it?

Nur. Again, indeed, Mrs. Hot-upon't!

Pol. Do now, my dear nursee, pray do; and call at the circulating library as you go along for the rest of this novel—the History of Sir George Trueman and Emilia—and tell the bookseller to be sure to send me the British Amazon, and Tom Faddle, and the rest of the new novels this winter, as soon as ever they come out.

Nur. Ah, pise on your naughty novels, I say.

[*Exit.*

Pol. Ay, go now, my dear nursee, go; there's a good woman.—What an old fool it is! with her pise on it—and fie chicken—and no, by my troth——[*Mimicking.*]——Lord, what a strange house I live in!—not a soul in it, except myself, but what are all queer animals, quite droll creatures. There's papa and mama, and the old foolish nurse——[*Re-enter Nurse with a Bandbox.*] Oh, nursee, what brings you back so soon? What have you got

my letter over five or six times, and go to her—— Oh, he's a charming man! [*Reading.*] Very fine! very pretty!—He writes as well as Bob Lovelace— [*Kissing the Letter.*] Oh, dear, sweet Mr. Scribble!

[*Exit.*

SCENE II. Another Apartment.

HONEYCOMBE *and Mrs.* HONEYCOMBE, *at Breakfast.*—HONEYCOMBE *reading in the Newspaper.*

Mrs. Hon. My dear! [*Peevishly.*

Hon. What d'ye say, my love? [*Still reading.*

Mrs. Hon. You take no notice of me—Lay by t silly paper—put it down—come then—drink r tea—You don't love me now.

Hon. Ah, my beauty! [*Looking very fondly.*

Mrs. Hon. Do you love your own dear wife? [*Tenderly.*

Hon. Dearly——She knows I do——Don't you, beauty?

Mrs. Hon. Ah, you're a dear, dear man! [*Rising*

Mrs. Hon. A flaunting, flaring huſſey!
husband!

Hon. But what does my beauty think of h
daughter?

Mrs. Hon. Of our Polly, sweeting?

Hon. Ay, Polly: What sort of a wife d'ye
she'll make, my love?——I concluded every
with Mr. Simeon yesterday, and expect Mr. I
every minute.

Mrs. Hon. Think, my sweeting?—Why, I
she love him half so well as I do my own
an, that she'll never suffer him out of her si
at she'll look at him with pleasure—[*they*
le fondly.]—and love him—and kiſs him—
ndle him—Oh, my dear, 'tis impoſsible to say
arly I love you. [*Kissing and fondling hi*

Enter LEDGER.

Led. Heyday! what now, good folks, what n
you so much in arrear? or are you paying
ncipal and interest both at once?

Hon. My dear——Consider——
Mrs. Hon.

come!—'Tis transfer-day—I must be at the Bank before twelve without fail.

Hon. Oh, here she comes.—[*Enter Polly.*]—Come, child, where have you been all this time?—Well, sir, I'll leave you together——Polly, you'll—ha, ha, ha!—Your servant, Mr. Ledger, your servant. [*Exit.*

[*Polly and Ledger remain—they stand at a great Distance from each other.*]

Pol. [*Aside.*] What a monster of a man!——What will the frightful creature say to me?—— I am now, for all the world, just in the situation of poor Clarissa——and the wretch is ten times uglier than Soames himself.

Led. Well, miss.

Pol. [*Aside.*] He speaks: What shall I say to him?—Suppose I have a little sport with him—I will.—— I'll indulge myself with a few airs of distant flirtation *at first*, and then treat him like a dog. I'll use *him worse than* Nancy Howe ever did Mr. Hickman—*Pray, sir,* [*to Ledger*] did you ever read the history *of Emilia?*

Led. Not I, miss, not I—I have no time to think

" else but to write.

" *Pol.* A dozen clerks!—Prodigious!

" *Led.* Ay, a dozen clerks. Business must be " done, miss!—We have large returns, and the ba- " lance must be kept on the right side, you know—— " In regard to the last year now——Our returns from " the first of January to the last of December, fifty- " nine, were to the amount of sixty thousand pounds " sterling. We clear, upon an averate, at the rate of " 12 per cent. Cast up the twelves in sixty thousand, " and you may make a pretty good guess at our nett " profits!

" *Pol.* Nett profits!

" *Led.* Ay, miss, nett profits.—Simeon and Ledger " are names as well known as any in the Alley, and " good for as much at the bottom of a piece of pa- " per."——But no matter for that—you must know that I have an account to settle with you, miss.—You're on the debtor-side in my books, I can tell you, miss.

Pol. I in your debt, Mr. Ledger!

Led. Over head and ears in my debt, miss.

Pol. I hate to be in debt of all things——Pray let me discharge you at once——for I can't endure to be dunn'd.

Led. Not so fast, miss; miss, not so fast. Right

strong——

Led. Oh brave!

Pol. And that I do with equal, or more sincerity—

Led. Thank you, miſs; thank you.

Pol. Hate and detest——

Led. How! how!

Pol. Loath and abhor you——

Led. What! what!

Pol. Your sight is shocking to me, your conversation odious, and your paſsion contemptible——

Led. Mighty well, miſs! mighty well!

Pol. You are a vile book of arithmetic, a table of pounds, shillings and pence—You are uglier than a figure of eight, and more tiresome than the multiplication-table——There's the sum total.

Led. Flesh and blood!——

Pol. Don't talk to me—get along—or if you don't leave the room, I will——

Led. Very fine, very fine, miſs!—Mr. Honeycombe shall know this. He'll bring me below par again. I [Exit.

nt you.

. [*Alone.*] Ha, ha, ha!——There he goes—Ha——I have out-topped them all——Miſs Hon

——I am as dutiful as any girl in the world.——But there's always an uproar in the family about marrying the daughter; and now poor I must suffer in my turn.

Hon. Hark ye, miſs!——Why did not you receive Mr. Ledger as your lover?

Pol. Lover!—Oh, dear papa, he has no more of a lover about him!——He never so much as cast one languiſhing look towards me, never once preſt my hand, or ſtruck his breaſt, or threw himſelf at my feet, or——Lord, I read ſuch a delightful declaration of love in the new novel this morning! Firſt, papa, Sir George Trueman——

Hon. Devil take Sir George Trueman!——theſe curſed novels have turned the girl's head——Hark ye huſſy! I could almoſt find in my heart to——I ſay, huſſy, isn't Mr. Ledger a huſband of your papa and mama's providing? And ar'n't they the properest perſons to diſpoſe of you?

Pol. Diſpoſe of me?——See there now!——Why you have no notion of theſe things, papa!——Your head's ſo full of trade and commerce, that you would *diſpoſe of* your daughter like a piece of merchandize——But my heart is my own property, and at *nobody's* diſpoſal but my own——Sure you would not conſign me like a bale of ſilk, to Ledger

before me.

Hon. Those abominable books!——Hark ye, hufsy, you shall have no novel to amuse you—Get along, I say—no pen and ink to scrawl letters—Why don't you go?——Nor no trusty companion—Get along—I'll have you lock'd up this instant, and the key of your chamber shall be in your mama's custody.

Pol. Indeed, papa, you need not give my mama so much trouble——I have——

Hon. Get along, I say.

Pol. I have read of such things as ladders of ropes—

Hon. Out of my sight!

Pol. Or of escaping out of the window, by tying the sheets together——

Hon. Hark ye, hufsy——

Pol. Or of throwing one's self into the street upon a feather-bed——

Hon. I'll turn you out of doors——

Pol. Or of being catch'd in a gentleman's arms——

Hon. Zounds, I'll——

Pol. Or of——

Hon. Will you be gone? [Exeunt, both talking.

SCENE III. *Changes to* Polly's *Apartment.*

Enter SCRIBBLE *disguis'd in a Livery.*

So!—in this disguise mistreſs nurse has brought me hither safe and undiscover'd——Now for Miſs Polly! here's her letter! a true picture of her nonsensical self!——'To my dearest Mr. Scribble.' [*Reading the Direction.*] And the seal two doves billing, with this motto:

'We two,
When we woo,
Bill and coo.'

——Pretty!—And a plain proof I shan't have much trouble with her——I'll make short work on't——I'll carry her off to-day, if poſsible——clap up a marriage at once; and then down upon our marrow-bones, and ask pardon and bleſsing of papa and mama. [*Noise without.*] Here she comes.

Hon. [*Without.*] Get along, I say,——Up to your own chamber, huſsy.

Pol. [*Without.*] Well, papa, I am——

Scrib. O the devil!——Her father coming up with her!——What shall I do? [*Running about.*] Where shall I hide myself——I shall certainly be disco-

Alt. Behold him here— [*Coming forward.*

Cal. Ah! [*Starting.*

Alt. The wretch! whom thou hast made.
Curses and sorrows hast thou heap'd upon him,
And vengeance is the only good that's left.
[*Drawing.*

Loth. Thou hast ta'en me somewhat unawares,
'tis true:
But love and war take turns, like day and night,
And little preparation serves my turn,
Equal to both, and arm'd for either field.
We've long been foes, this moment ends our quarrel;
Earth, Heav'n, and fair Calista judge the combat!

Cal. Distraction! Fury! Sorrow! Shame! and death! [poison to me;

" *Alt.* Thou hast talk'd too much, thy breath is
" It taints the ambient air; this for my father,
" This for Sciolto, and this last for Altamont."

[They fight; Lothario is wounded once or twice, and then falls.

Oh, Altamont! thy genius is the stronger!
[illegible] prevail'd!—My fierce ambitious soul
[illegible] and all her fires grow pale;

I would not bear to be reproach'd by them,
But dig down deep to find a grave beneath,
And hide me from their beams.

Sci. [*Within.*] What, ho! my son!

" *Alt.* It is Sciolto calls; come near and find me;
" The wretched'st thing of all my kind on earth."

Cal. Is it the voice of thunder, or my father?
Madneſs! Confusion! Let the storm come on,
Let the tumultuous roar drive all upon me;
Dash my devoted bark, ye surges, break it!
'Tis for my ruin that the tempest rises.
When I am lost, sunk to the bottom low,
Peace shall return, and all be calm again.

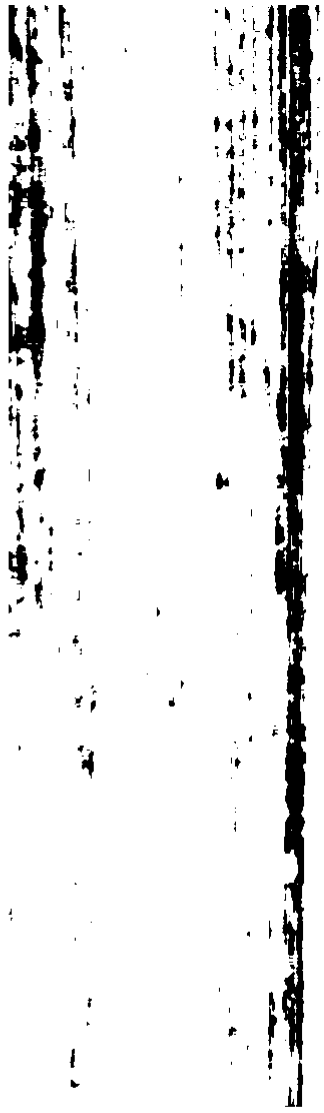
Enter SCIOLTO.

Sci. Ev'n now Roſsano leap'd the garden wall——
Ha! Death has been among you—Oh, my fears!
Last night thou had'st a diff'rence with thy friend,
The *cause thou* gav'st me was a damn'd one.
Did'st thou not wrong the man who told thee trv
Answer me quick——

Alt. Oh! preſs me not to speak;
Ev'n now my heart is breaking, and the me

The cheerful day, men, earth, and heav'n, and thee,
Ev'n thee, thou venerable good old man,
For being author of a wretch like me.
Alt. Listen not to the wildness of her raving;
Remember nature! Should thy daughter's murder
Defile that hand, so just, so great in arms,
Her blood would rest upon thee to posterity,
Pollute thy name, and sully all thy wars.
Cal. Have I not wrong'd his gentle nature much?
And yet behold him pleading for my life!
Lost as thou art to virtue, Oh, Calista!
I think thou canst not bear to be outdone;
Then haste to die, and be oblig'd no more.
Sci. Thy pious care has giv'n me time to think,
And sav'd me from a crime; then rest, my sword;
To honour have I kept thee ever sacred,
Nor will I stain thee with a rash revenge.
But mark me well, I will have justice done;
Hope not to bear away thy crimes unpunished:
I will see justice executed on thee,
Ev'n to a Roman strictness; and thou, nature,
whatsoe'er thou art that plead'st within me,
still; thy tender struggings are in vain.

[illegible] and he denies me.
[illegible]ence, from my sight! thy father
vith thy infamy to some dark cell,
re, on the confines of eternal night,
rning, misfortune, cares, and anguish d
re ugly shame hides her opprobrious h
death and hell detested rule maintain;
e howl out the remainder of thy life,
wish thy name may be no more rememb
d. Yes, I will fly to some such dismal pla
be more curs'd than you can wish I were
fatal form that drew on my undoing,
ng, and tears, and hardship shall destroy
light, nor food, nor comfort will I know,
ought that may continue hated life.
, when you see me meagre, wan, and cha
h'd at my length, and dying in my cave,
at cold earth I mean shall be my grave,
ps you may relent, and sighing say,
gth her tears have wash'd her stains aw
gth 'tis time her punishment should ce
ou poor suff'ring wretch, and be



leave, madam!—Eh!—admirab
I long to be in his hands.

Nur. Stay; let me go befor
nobody in the way. Come ge
I'll set open the door, and the
as fast as you can—Ah, you're

Pol. Very well! come alon
leave, sir!—By your leave, n
This is the finest adventure I e

[*Exit, fo*

SCENE IV. Changes to M
Apartmen

Mrs. HONEYCOM

[*Several Phials on the Tab*

I am not at all well to-day.—
waking.]—Such a quantity o
makes one quite nervous—an
does not choose it qualified.——
nefs in my head, it absolutely t
—I don't think neither that t
warm enough for

[illegible] of life.
[illegible] sick of living; my soul's pall'
She kindles not with anger or revenge:
Love was th' informing, active fire within
Now that is quench'd, the mass forgets to
And longs to mingle with its kindred earth

[*A tumultuous Noise, with clashing of Swords drawn, as at a little Distance.*

Enter LAVINIA, *with two* SERVANTS,

Fly, swiftly fly, to my Horatio's aid,
Lose your vain officious cares on me;
Name my lord, my husband, to my arms;
Lavinia's life; bring him me safe,
Shall be at ease, be well and happy.

[*Exeunt Servants.*

Art thou Lavinia? Oh! what barb'rous ha
Wrong thy poor defenceless innocence,
See such marks of more than savage fury?
My brother! Oh my heart is full of fear
Now my dear Horatio hi[illegible]
From hence, as safe[illegible]

Nur. Not a creature, I'll take
Hon. I tell you she's gone—
Mr. Ledger saw a strange foot
chair at the corner of the stree
and a whole posse are gone in p
Mrs. Hon. This is the mos
cumstance——'Tis quite beyon
——But my sweeting must no
own dear wife—it was not her
Hon. Nay, my love, don't tri
Mrs. Hon. I must——I will-
Hon. Zounds, my dear, be
my girl ruined for ever.
Led. [*Without.*] This way—
along.
Hon. Hark! they're comi
overtaken them——they're he
Led. [*Without.*] Here——
this room——Come along.

Enter LEDGER, POLLY, a
SERVANT

I cannot easily forgive it.
Thou hast forgot me.
r. No.
. Why are thy eyes
tient of me then, scornful, and fierce?
r. Because they speak the meaning of my hea
use they're honest, and disdain a villain.
t. I've wrong'd thee much, Horatio.
or. True, thou hast.
n I forget it may I be a wretch,
as thyself, a false perfidious fellow,
nfamous, believing, British husband.
t. I've wrong'd thee much, and Heav'n has
aveng'd it.
ve not, since we parted, been at peace,
known one joy sincere; " our broken fri
ursu'd me to the last retreat of love,
ood glaring like a ghost, and made me
with horror.
isfortunes on misfortunes prefs upon me,
well o'er my head like waves, and dash me
[illegible] and shame, have torn my

[*Lavinia runs to him, and endeavours to raise him.*

" *Lav.* Speak to me, Altamont. [triumph!
" He faints! he dies! Now, turn and see thy
" My brother! But our cares shall end together;
" Here will I lay me down by thy dear side,
" Bemoan thy too hard fate, then share it with thee,
" And never see my cruel lord again."

[*Horatio runs to Altamont, and raises him in his Arms.* [mont!

Hor. It is too much to bear! Look up, my Alta-
My stubborn, unrelenting heart has kill'd him.
" Look up and bless me; tell me that thou liv'st.
" Oh! I have urg'd thy gentleness too far;
[*He revives.*
" Do thou and my Lavinia both forgive me;"
A flood of tenderness comes o'er my soul;
I cannot speak—I love, forgive, and pity thee—

Alt. *I thought* that nothing cou'd have stay'd my soul;
hat long ere this her flight had reach'd the stars;
t thy known voice has lur'd her back again.

this moment,
pangs of disappointed love.
st pity that this youth should fall,
ll his wond'rous goodneſs should be lost,
e world never know it? Oh, my Altamont!
thy sorrows, let me bear 'em for thee,
elter thee from ruin.
Oh, my brother,
not but we will share in all thy woes;
t all day, and tell sad tales of love:
en we light upon some faithleſs woman,
eauty, like Calista, false and fair,
ix our grief, and our complaining there;
urse the nymph that drew the ruin on,
ourn the youth that was, like thee, undon
[*Exeunt*

ACT V.

Scene with Black; on

sale—I'll——

Nar. Mighty well, your
ment for an old servant in
and ding'd about at this rat
ing and a true one——Give
hang him.—Live and learn
older, and older every day—
in these ages——There are
churches——So you may do
nour——But I shall look u
month's wages, for want of
go my ways out of your hous

Hon. Why, you old belda
—You shall be burnt for a w
end to this matter at once—
marry my daughter to-morro
Led. Not I, indeed, my
interest in her——She'd mak
sober citizen——Who can ans
——I would not underwri
cent.

Hon.

pectatreſs of the mischief which she made
Cal. It is Sciolto! Be thyself, my soul;
strong to bear his fatal indignation,
at he may see thou art not lost so far,
t somewhat still of his great spirit lives
the forlorn Calista.
Sci. Thou wert once
daughter.
Cal. Happy were it I had dy'd,
d never lost that name.
Sci. That's something yet;
ou wert the very darling of my age:
ought the day too short to gaze upon thee
t all the bleſsings I could gather for thee,
ares on earth, and by my prayers to Hea
e little for my fondneſs to bestow;
didst thou turn to folly, then, and curse
l. Because my soul was rudely drawn from
or imperfect copy of my father,
here goodneſs, and the strength of manly v
s thinly planted, and the idle void
l'd up with light belief, and easy fond

And know the rest untaught.

Cal. I understand you.
It is but thus, and both are satisfy'd.

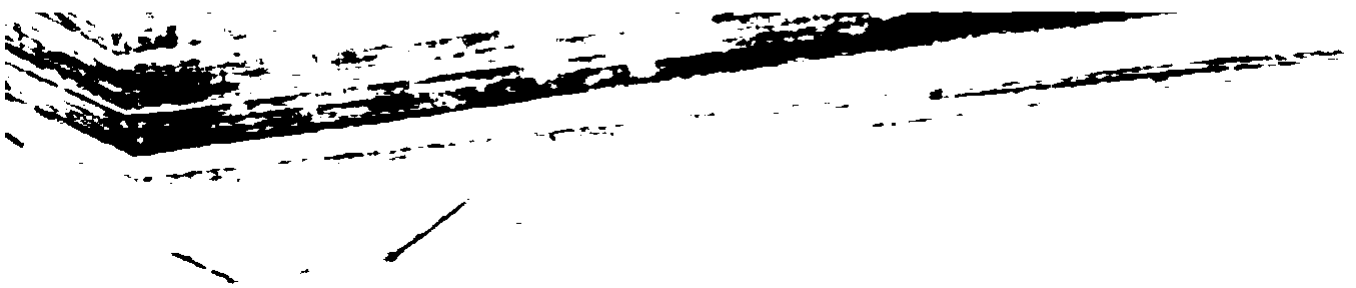
[*She offers to kill herself: Sciolto catches hold of her Arm.*

Sci. A moment, give me yet a moment's space.
The stern, the rigid judge has been obey'd;
Now nature, and the father, claim their turns.
I've held the balance with an iron hand,
And put off ev'ry tender human thought,
To doom my child to death; but spare my eyes
The most unnatural sight, lest their strings crack,
My old brain split, and I grow mad with horror.

Cal. Ha! is it possible; and is there yet
Some little dear remain of love and tenderness
For poor, undone Calista, in your heart? [thee,

Sci. Oh! when I think what pleasure I took in
What joys thou gav'st me in thy prattling infancy,
Thy sprightly wit, and early blooming beauty;
How have I stood, and fed my eyes upon thee,
Then, lifting up my hands, and wond'ring, blest
thee;
y my strong grief, my heart ev'n melts within me;
ould curse nature, and that tyrant, honour,
making me thy father, and thy judge;
I art my daughter still.

[illegible] I must die, it is my only comfo
eath is the privilege of human nature,
nd life without it were not worth our taki
Thither the poor, the pris'ner, and the m
Fly for relief, and lay their burthens down.
ome then, and take me into thy cold arms,
ou meagre shade; here let me breathe my
arm'd with my father's pity and forgiven
ore than if angels tun'd their golden viols,
nd sung a requiem to my parting soul. [pect
Sci. I'm summon'd hence; ere this my friend
ere is I know not what of sad presage,
at tells me, I shall never see thee more;
t be so, this is our last farewel,
l these the parting pangs, which nature feel
en anguish rends the heart-strings—Oh,
daughter! [*Exit Scioli*
al. Now think, thou curst Calista, now beh
desolation, horror, blood, and ruin,
crimes and fatal folly spread around,
loudly cry for vengeance on thy [illegible]
Heav'n, who knows our [illegible]



now the measure of your woes is full.

Alt. What dost thou mean, Horatio?

Hor. Oh, 'tis dreadful!
The great, the good Sciolto dies this moment.

Cal. My father!

Alt. That's a deadly stroke, indeed

Hor. Not long ago he privately went forth,
Attended but by few, and those unbidden.
I heard which way he took, and straight pursu'd him:
But found him compass'd by Lothario's faction,
Almost alone, amidst a crowd of foes.
Too late we brought him aid, and drove them back;
Ere that, his frantic valour had provok'd
The death he seem'd to wish for from their swords.

Cal. And dost thou bear me yet, thou patient earth?
Dost thou not labour with thy murd'rous weight?
And you, ye glitt'ring heav'nly host of stars,
Hide your fair heads in clouds, or I shall blast you;
For I am all contagion, death, and ruin,
And nature sickens at me. Rest, thou world,
This parricide shall be thy plague no more;
Thus, thus I set thee free. [*Stabs herself.*

Hor. Oh, fatal rashness!

Alt. Thou dost instruct me
Is but to trifle

As with thy father here.——Die, and be happy.

Cal. Celestial sounds! Peace dawns upon my soul
And ev'ry pain grows lefs—Oh, gentle Altamont!
Think not too hardly of me when I'm gone;
But pity me——Had I but early known
Thy wond'rous worth, thou excellent young man,
We had been happier both——Now, 'tis too late;
And yet my eyes take pleasure to behold thee;
Thou art their last dear object——Mercy, Heav'n!
[*She dies.*

Alt. Cold! dead, and cold! and yet thou art not chang'd,
But lovely still. Hadst thou a thousand faults,
What heart so hard, what virtue so severe,
But at that beauty must of force relented,
Melted to pity, love, and to forgiveneſs?
Sci. Oh, turn thee from that fatal object, Altamont,
e near, and let me bleſs thee, ere I die.
ee, and brave Horatio, I bequeath

T 1 6 1953

Forgetful of his own dear spouse at home;
Who snores, at night, supinely by her side,
'Twas not for this the nuptial knot was ty'd.
The plodding petty-fogger, and the cit,
Have learn'd, at least, this modern way of wit.
Each ill-bred, senseleſs rogue, though ne'er so dull,
Has th' impudence to think his wife a fool;
He spends the night, where merry wags resort,
With joking clubs, and eighteen-penny port;
While she, poor soul, 's contented to regale,
By a sad sea-coal fire, with wigs and ale.
Well may the cuckold-making tribe find grace,
And fill an absent husband's empty place.
If you would e'er bring constancy in fashion,
You men must first begin the reformation.
Then shall the golden age of love return,
No turtle for her wand'ring mate shall mourn:
No foreign charms shall cause domestic strife,
But every married man shall toast his wife;
Phillis shall not be-to the country sent,
For carnivals in town to keep a tedious Lent;
ons shall cease, and envious scandal die,
hall live in peace, like my good man and I.

BY

GEORGE COLMAN, ESQ.

LONDON:

PRINTED BY C. WHITTINGHAM,

Dean Street,

FOR JOHN SHARPE, OPPOSITE YORK HOUSE,

PICCADILLY.

1804.

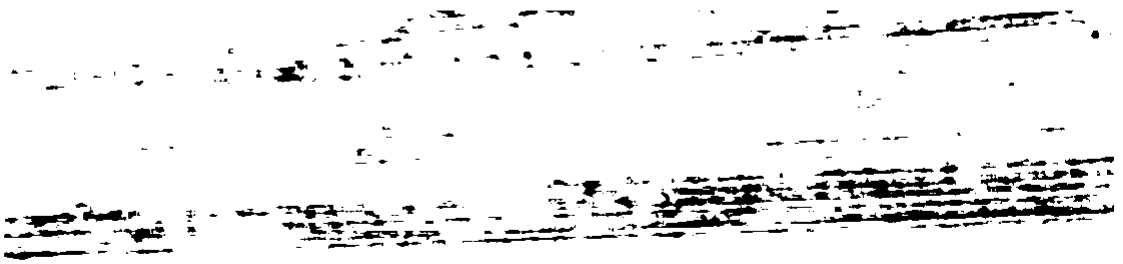
YOU see the tripping dame could find no favour;
Dearly she paid for breach of good behaviour;
Nor could her loving husband's fondneſs save her.
Italian ladies lead but scurvy lives,
There's dreadful dealings with eloping wives:
Thus 'tis, because these husbands are obey'd
By force of laws, which for themselves they mad
With tales of old prescriptions, they confine
The right of marriage-rules to their male line,
And huff, and domineer by right divine.
Had we the pow'r, we'd make the tyrants know,
What 'tis to fail in duties which they owe:
We'd teach the saunt'ring squire, who loves to ro
Forgetful of his own dear spouse at home;
Who snores, at night, supinely by her side,
'Twas not for this the nuptial knot was ty'd.
The plodding petty-fogger, and the cit,
Have learn'd, at least, this modern way of wit.
Each ill-bred, senseleſs rogue, though ne'er so
Has th' impudence to think his wife a fool;
He spends the night, where merry wags reso
[illegible] clubs, and eighteen-penny port;

A

FARCE.

BY

GEORGE COLMAN, ESQ.



PROLOGUE.

SPOKEN BY MR. KING.

HITHER, in days of yore, from Spain or France,
Came a dread sorceress; her name *Romance*

And then—alas, poor gi[illegible]

" * Thus of our Polly having lightly spoke,
" Now for our author!——but without a joke,
" Though wits and journals, who ne'er fibb'd before,
" Have laid this bantling at a *certain door*,
" Where, lying store of faults, they'd fain more;
" I now declare it as a serious truth,
" 'Tis the first folly of a simple youth,
" Caught and deluded by our harlot plays——
" Then crush not in the shell this infant Ba
" Exert your favour to a young beginner,
" Nor use the stripling like a batter'd sinne

* These lines were added by Mr. Garrick, on its
ported that he was author of this piece; and, ho
morous and poetical, contain as strict matter of
dullest prose.

SCENE I. *An Apartment in* Honeyc
House.

POLLY, *with a Book in her Hand.*

'ELL said, Sir George!—O the dear m
—'With these words the enraptur'd
ading] concluded his declaration of lo
!——'But what heart can imagine, [*r*
at tongue describe, or what pen delinea
iable confusion of Emilia?'—Well, now
—'Reader, if thou art a courtly reader, th
n, at polite tables, iced cream crimsone
berries; or, if thou art an uncourtly reade
seen the rosy-finger'd morning dawnin
en east.'—Dawning in the golden east!
y.—'Thou hast seen perhaps [*reading*]
al vermilion on the cheeks of Cleora,
ilion of nature on those of

into the room, threw [redacted] a[redacted]
hurry, and strewed the [redacted] poe[redacted]
ments: then, turning Emilia round and
whirled her out of the apartment in an inst
struck Sir George dumb with astonishment
appearance. She raved; but the baronet, r
his accustomed effrontery'——

Enter NURSE.

Oh, Nurse, I am glad to see you!—Well, an
Nur. Well, chicken?
Pol. Tell me, tell me all this instant. I
see him? Did you give him my letter?
write? Will he come? Shall I see him? H
got the answer in your pocket? Have you—
Nur. Blessings on her, how her tongue r
Pol. Nay, but come, dear nursee, tell
did he say?
Nurs. Say? why, he took the letter——
Pol. Well!
Nur. And kiss'd it a thousand times,
[redacted] times, and——

nice, and send it in a [illegible]
will he throw it into the house [illegible]
strange? Or will he——

Nur. Heavens bless her, what a sha
has!

Pol. I have not read so many books
Novels, nursee, novels! A novel is the o
teach a girl life, and the way of the wor
gant fancies, and love to the end of the

Nur. Yes, yes; you are always readin
ple story books; the *Ventures* of Jack t
History of Betsey t'other; and Sir Han
women with hard Christian names. Y
ter read your prayer-book, chicken.

Pol. Why so I do; but I'm readin
——[*Looking into the Book.*] 'She
the baronet'——I really think I love
as well as Emilia did Sir George—D
nursee, I should have had such a g
love so early if I had not read novel
make a conquest of Mr. Scribble in
[illegible]? but my cross papa wi

not they all elope? and so will I too. I have as much right to elope as they had; for I have as much love, and as much spirit as the best of them.

Nur. Why, Mr. Scribble's a fine man, to be sure, a gentleman every inch of him.

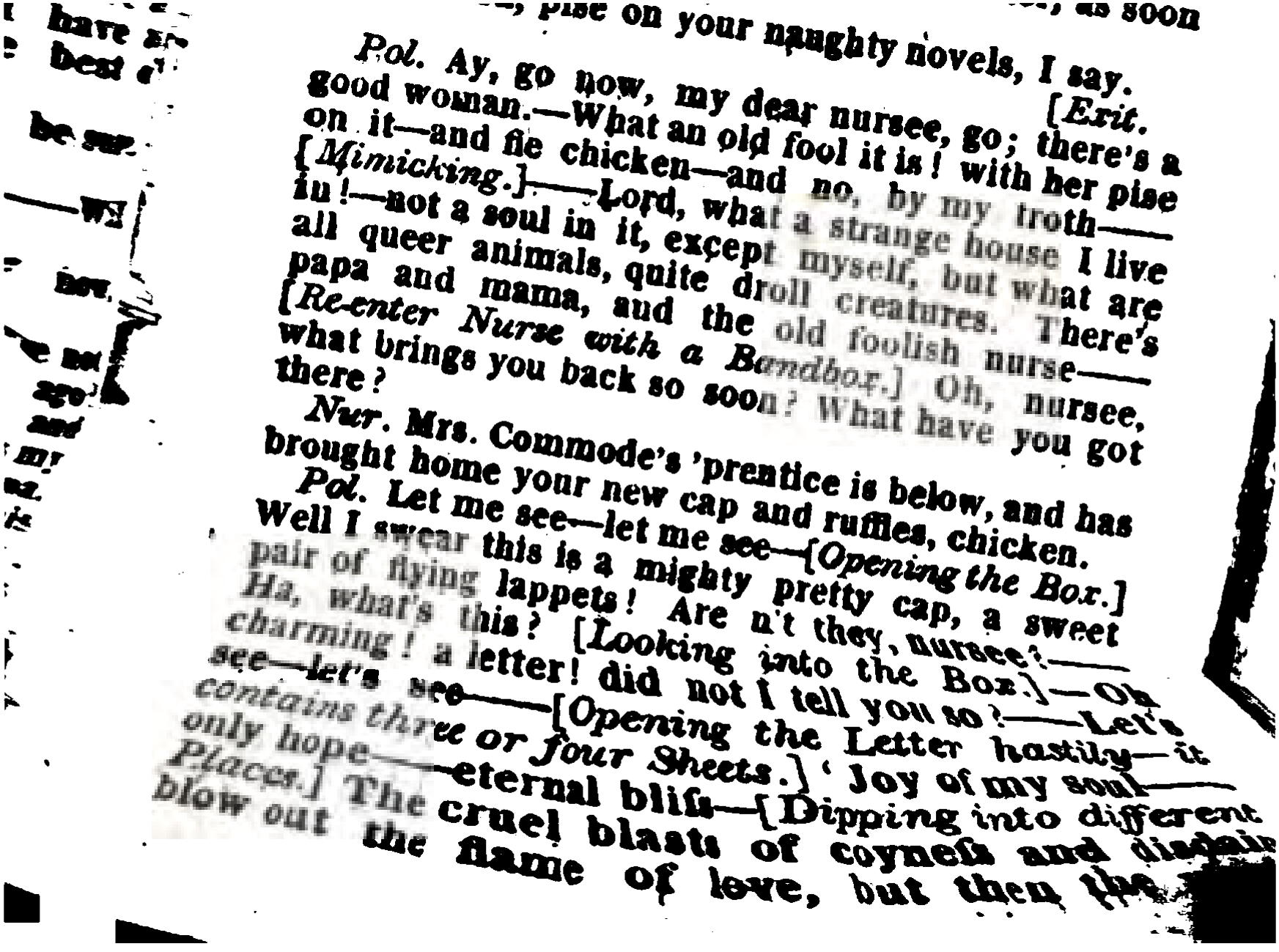
Pol. So he is; a dear charming man!——Will you elope too, nursee?

Nur. Not for the varsal world. Suppose now, chicken, your papa and mama——

Pol. What care I for papa and mama? Have not they been married and happy long enough ago? and are they not still coaxing, and fondling, and kissing each other all the day long?—Where's my dear love. [*Mimicking.*] My beauty! says papa, hobbling along with his crutch-headed cane and his old gouty legs. Ah, my sweeting, my precious Mr. Honeycombe, d'ye love your nown dear wife? says mama; and then they squeeze their hard hands to ch other, and their old eyes twinkle, and they're loving as Darby and Joan,—especially if mama had a cordial or two—Eh, nursee!

Nur. Oh fie, chicken!

Pol. And then, perhaps, in comes my utter aw



pise on your naughty novels, I say. [*Exit.*

Pol. Ay, go now, my dear nursee, go; there's a good woman.—What an old fool it is! with her pise on it—and fie chicken—and no, by my troth—— [*Mimicking.*]——Lord, what a strange house I live in!—not a soul in it, except myself, but what are all queer animals, quite droll creatures. There's papa and mama, and the old foolish nurse—— [*Re-enter Nurse with a Bandbox.*] Oh, nursee, what brings you back so soon? What have you got there?

Nur. Mrs. Commode's 'prentice is below, and has brought home your new cap and ruffles, chicken.

Pol. Let me see—let me see—[*Opening the Box.*] Well I swear this is a mighty pretty cap, a sweet pair of flying lappets! Are n't they, nursee?—— Ha, what's this? [*Looking into the Box.*]—Oh charming! a letter! did not I tell you so?——Let's see—let's see——[*Opening the Letter hastily—it contains three or four Sheets.*] 'Joy of my soul—— only hope——eternal bliss—[*Dipping into different Places.*] The cruel blasts of coyness and disdain blow out the flame of love, but then the

[*While she re*

Pol. Lord, nurse, if it was love-letters, a girl would have n ing and reading—But what's Poetry! 'Well may I cry out W Revenge—

'Where didst thou steal those ey Thou didst, and 'tis religion to

Excellent! Oh, he's a dear man!

Nur. Ay, to be sure—But you carrier below; she'll never bring don't speak to her kindly.

Pol. Speak to her! why, I'll gi woman! Tell her I am coming—I my letter over five or six times, a Oh, he's a charming man! [*Rea* very pretty!—He writes as well a [*Kissing the Letter.*] Oh, dear, sw

SCENE II. Another

...street, was married ...
...ch, to Miss Fairly of Cornhill.
...rs. Hon. A flaunting, flairing hussey
...band!
...on. But what does my beauty think of
...ghter?
...rs. Hon. Of our Polly, sweeting?
...on. Ay, Polly: What sort of a wife d'y
...'ll make, my love?——I concluded every
...h Mr. Simeon yesterday, and expect Mr. L
...ry minute.
...rs. Hon. Think, my sweeting?—Why, I
...be love him half so well as I do my own
..., that she'll never suffer him out of her si
she'll look at him with pleasure—[*they*
fondly.]—and love him—and kiss him-
...e him—Oh, my dear, 'tis impossible to say
...y I love you. [*Kissing and fondling h...*

Enter LEDGER.

Heyday! what now, good folks, what
...so much in arrear? or are ...
...al and interest both ...

Hon. Oh, here she comes.—[*Enter Polly.*]—Come, child, where have you been all this time?—Well, sir, I'll leave you together——Polly, you'll—ha, ha, ha!—Your servant, Mr. Ledger, your servant.

[*Exit.*

[*Polly and Ledger remain—they stand at a great Distance from each other.*]

Pol. [*Aside.*] What a monster of a man!——What will the frightful creature say to me?—— I am now, for all the world, just in the situation of poor Clarissa——and the wretch is ten times uglier than Soames himself.

Led. Well, miss.

Pol. [*Aside.*] He speaks: What shall I say to him?—*Suppose I have a little sport with him—I will.*—*'ll indulge myself with a few airs of distant flirta-*'n at first, and then treat him like a dog. I'll use worse than Nancy Howe ever did Mr. Hickman -Pray, sir, [*to Ledger*] did you ever read the his- of Emilia?

Led. Not I, miss, not I—I have no time to think

that I have an account to settle with you, miſs.—You're on the debtor-side in my books, I can tell you, miſs.

Pol. I in your debt, Mr. Ledger!

Led. Over head and ears in my debt, miſs.

Pol. I hate to be in debt of all things——Pray let me discharge you at once——for I can't endure to be dunn'd.

Led. Not so fast, miſs; miſs, not so fast. Right reckoning makes long friends—Suppose now we should compound this matter, and strike a balance in favour of both parties.

Pol. How d'ye mean, Mr. Ledger?

Led. Why then, in plain English, miſs, I love you——I'll marry you.——My uncle Simeon and Mr. *Honeycombe* have settled the matter between them——I am fond of the match—and hope you are the same——There's the sum total.

Pol. Is it poſsible that I can have any charms for Mr. Ledger?

Led. Charms, miſs! you are all over charms like you—I like your person, your family, your fortune——I like you altogether——the ominous

strong——

Led. Oh brave!

Pol. And that I do with equal, or more sincerity—

Led. Thank you, miſs; thank you.

Pol. Hate and deteſt——

Led. How! how!

Pol. Loath and abhor you——

Led. What! what!

Pol. Your ſight is ſhocking to me, your converſation odious, and your paſſion contemptible——

Led. Mighty well, miſs! mighty well!

Pol. You are a vile book of arithmetic, a table of pounds, ſhillings and pence—You are uglier than a figure of eight, and more tireſome than the multiplication-table——There's the ſum total.

Led. Fleſh and blood!——

Pol. Don't talk to me—get along—or if you don't ve the room, I will——

ed. Very fine, very fine, miſs!—Mr. Honeycombe I know this. He'll bring me below par again. I ant you. [Exit.

d. [*Alone.*] Ha, ha, ha!——There he goes—Ha, a!——I have out-topped them all——Miſs Hoyden

Enter HONEYCOMBE.

Hon. What is the meaning, Mistreſs Po
traordinary behaviour? How dare you
dger till, and behave so undutifully to y
d mamma?—You are a spoilt child—yo
d I have been too fond of you——But ha
ung madam! mend your conduct, or you
re we'll make you repent on't.

Pol. Lord, papa, how can you be so angry wi
—I am as dutiful as any girl in the world.—
:re's always an uproar in the family about
: the daughter; and now poor I must suffer
n.

Hon. Hark ye, miſs!——Why did not you
Ledger as your lover?

l. Lover!—Oh, dear papa, he has no m
er about him!——He never so much as c
ſhing look towards me, never once pr
or struck his breast, or threw himself
r——Lord, I read such a
in the new novel

Pol. Nay, more; to tell you the who heart is devoted to another. I have an paſsion for him; and nothing shall sha tion for my dear Mr. Scribble——

Hon. Mr. Scribble!—Who's Mr. S Hark ye, hufsy, I'll turn you out of doo you confin'd to your chamber—Get out —I'll have you lock'd up this instant.

Pol. Lock'd up! I thought so. Whe girl refuses to marry any horrid creatur provide for her, then she's to be lock diately——Poor Clariſsa! poor Sophy am now going to be treated just as yo before me.

Hon. Those abominable books!——I you shall have no novel to amuse you— say—no pen and ink to scrawl letter you go?——Nor no trusty companion— I'll have you lock'd up this instant, a your chamber shall be in your mama's

Pol. Indeed, papa, you need not g so much trouble——I have——

[*Reading the Direction.*] And the seal
billing, with this motto:

'We two,
When we woo,
Bill and coo.'

——Pretty!—And a plain proof I shan't
trouble with her——I'll make short work
carry her off to-day, if poſsible——clap
riage at once; and then down upon ou
bones, and ask pardon and bleſsing o
mama. [*Noise without.*] Here she come

Hon. [*Without.*] Get along, I say,——
own chamber, huſsy.

Pol. [*Without.*] Well, papa, I am——

Scrib. O the devil!——Her father comi
her!——What shall I do? [*Running abo*
shall I hide myself——I shall certainl
vered—I'll get up the chimney.——Zound
just here——Ten to one the old cuff m
with her——I'll pop into this closet.

Writing!—A letter to me, [illegible]
go and answer it *in propria persona*.

[*Comes forward, and stands behind Polly, looking over her Writing.*

Pol. [*Writing.*] 'Me—in your—arms.'——Let me see——What have I written! [*Reading.*] 'My dearest dear Mr. Scribble.'

Scrib. I thought so.

Pol. [*Reading.*] 'I am now writing in the most cruel confinement. Fly then, oh fly to me on the wings of love; release me from this horrid gaol, and imprison me in your arms.'

Scrib. That I will, with all my heart.

[*Embracing her.*

Pol. Oh!

[*Screaming.*

Scrib. O the devil!—why do you scream so?—I shall be discovered in spite of fortune.

[*Running about.*

Pol. Bless me! is it you? Hush! [*Running to the Door.*] Here's my father coming up stairs, I protest.

Scrib. What the deuce shall I do?——I'll run into a closet again.

sirl!——But I am glad I have discovered this—— I'll seize these moveables.——So, so! Now write if you can——Nobody shall come near you——Send to him if you can.——Now see how Mr. Scribble will get at you.——Now I have you safe, mistreſs!—— And now—ha, ha!—now you may make love to the table——Heyday! what's here? a man? [*Seeing Scribble.*] There was a noiſe, then! Have I caught you, madam!—Come, ſir, come out of your hole! [*Scribble comes from under the Table.*]——A footman!—Who the devil are you, ſir?—Where did you come from?—What d'ye want?—How came you here? Eh, ſirrah!

Scrib. Sir—I—I——What the deuce ſhall I ſay to him?

Hon. Speak, raſcal!

Scrib. Sir—I—I—I came about a little buſineſs to Miſs Honeycombe.

Hon. Buſineſs!—Ay, you look like a man of

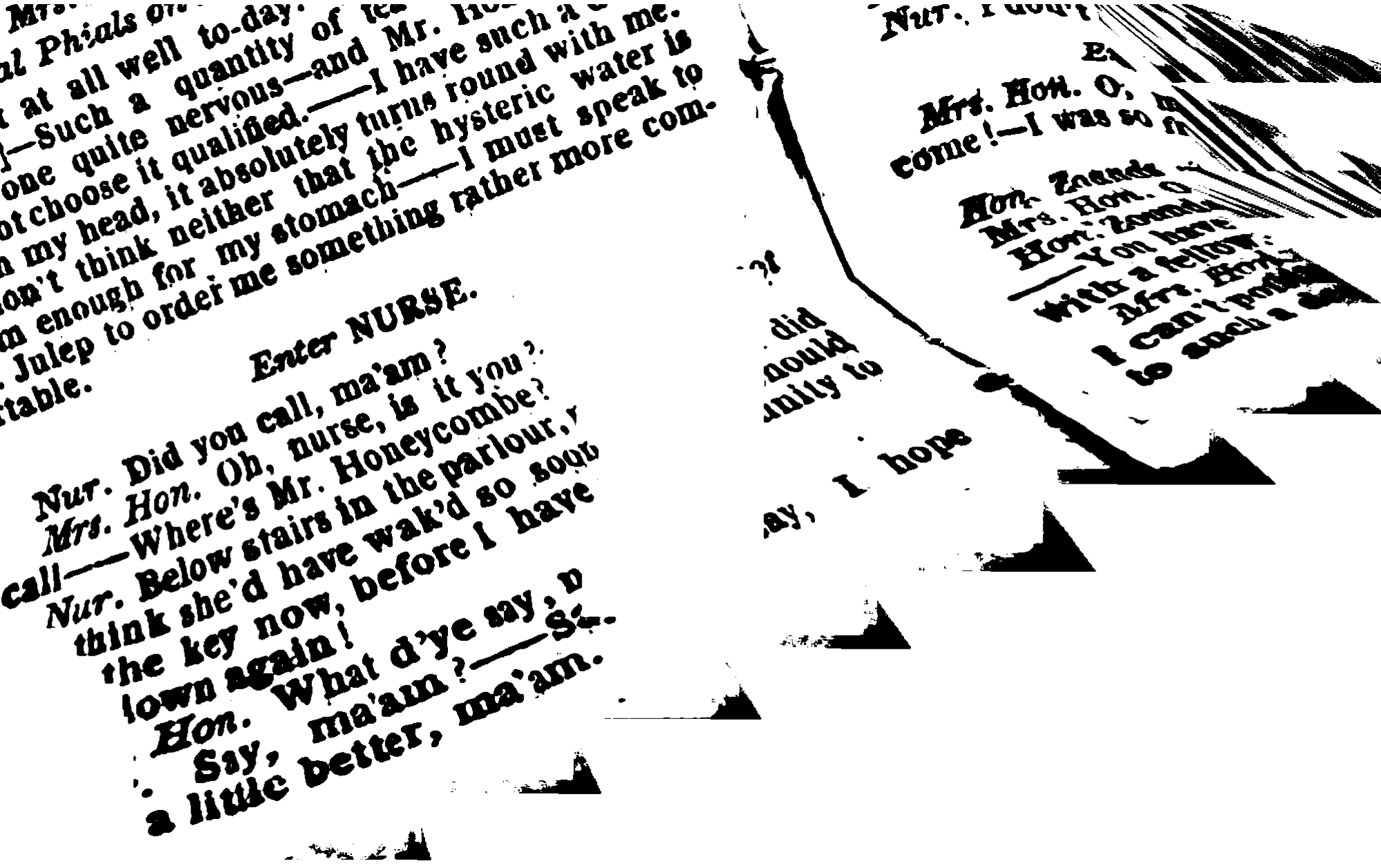
Mr. Scribble.

Scrib. Pretty soul!

Hon. This is beyond all patience—Out of my house, sirrah!——Where are all my fellows?——I'll *have you* thrown out of the window——You shall be *trundled* down stairs headlong—You shall——

Scrib. Patience, old gentleman! I shall go out of *the house* the same way I came into it, I promise *you.*——And let me tell you, sir, by way of a kind *ord* at parting, that scold Miſs Polly ever so much, *tch* her ever so narrowly, or confine her ever so *ely*, Mr. Scribble will have her, whether you will *o*, *you* old cuff you. (Exit.

ork with your needle.—We ...
ent.—Some other books than novels,
ter company than Mr. Scribble's footi
me with your nonsense——and learn
dding, you impudent, idle, young bagg
Pol. [*Alone.*] An old fool! [*Mocking h*
his is a curious adventure, truly!—If I
nake my escape now, after all, it would
ble.—I am sure Mr. Scribble would not
the house——Let me see—How can I ma
Suppose I force the lock—or take off the
it——or get the door off the hinges——I'
ing; stops.] Or, hold! I have a bright
than any of them——I'll set fire to the
so be carried off, like stolen goods, in
sion—A most excellent contrivance!—I
in practice. [*Noise without.*] O dear,
body coming——[*After unlocking the*
Nurse.] Oh, nurse, is it you? I am he
see you. I thought it had been papa
Nur. Ah, chicken, I have taken care
Honeycombe brought her the


Mrs.
al Phials o
at all well to-day.
—Such a quantity of te
one quite nervous—and Mr. Ho
ot choose it qualified.—I have such a
n my head, it absolutely turns round with me.
on't think neither that the hysteric water is
n enough for my stomach—I must speak to
Julep to order me something rather more com-
table.
Enter NURSE.
Nur. Did you call, ma'am?
Mrs. Hon. Oh, nurse, is it you?
call—Where's Mr. Honeycombe?
Nur. Below stairs in the parlour,
think she'd have wak'd so soon
the key now, before I have
lown again!
Hon. What d'ye say, n
Say, ma'am?—S
a little better, ma'am.
did
ould
ually to
ay, I hope
Nur.
Mrs. Hon. O,
come!—I was so
Hon. Zounds
Mrs. Hon. O
Hon. Zounds
—You here
With a fellow
Mrs. Hon
I can't
so much

Mrs. Hon. Oh nurse, I am perfectly giddy
ny nerves, and so low-spirited.

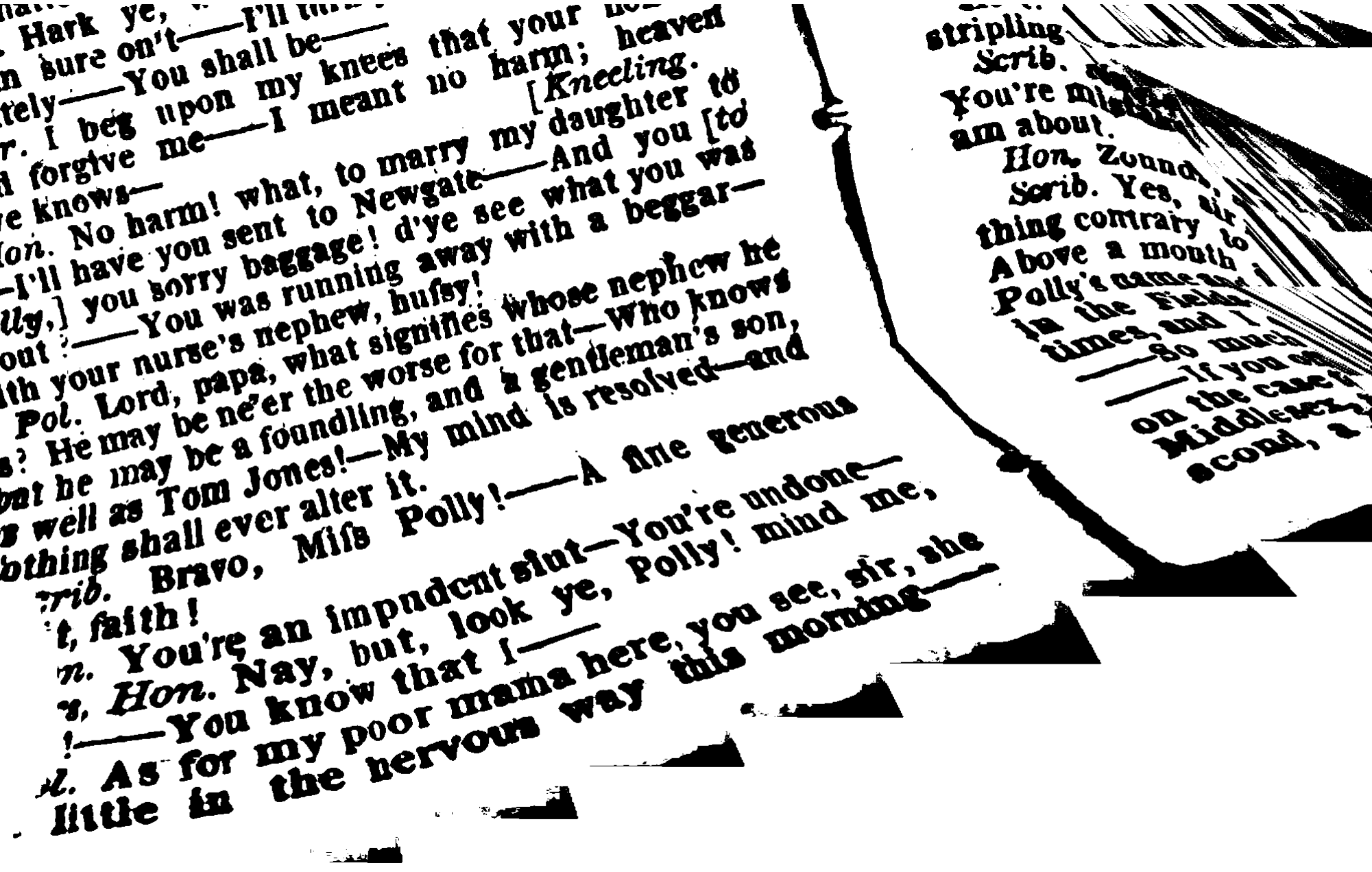
Nur. Poor gentlewoman! Suppose I give
sup out of the case of Italian cordials, ma'a
was sent as a present from Mr. What-d'ye-ca
in Crutched-friars—the Italian merchant w
long name.

Mrs. Hon. Filthy poison! don't mentio
Faugh! I hate the very names of them.—Yo
nurse, I never touch any cordials but wh
from the apothecary's——What o'clock is i
it time to take my draught?

Nur. By my troth, I believe it is—Let m
believe this is it——[*Takes up a Phial,*
the Key upon the Table.] 'The stomachi
to be taken an hour before dinner. For M
combe.' [*Reading the Label.*] Ay, this
my troth, I am glad I've got rid of the ke

Mrs. Hon. Come then—pour it into
and give it me—I'm afraid I can't take
sadly against me.

While she is drinking, Honeycombe
after them imm


. Hark ye, — I'll
n sure on't — You shall be —
tely — You shall be —
r. I beg upon my knees that your
d forgive me — I meant no harm; heaven
e knows —
Hon. No harm! what, to marry my daughter to
— I'll have you sent to Newgate — And you [to
lly,] you sorry baggage! d'ye see what you was
out! — You was running away with a beggar —
ith your nurse's nephew, hufsy!
Pol. Lord, papa, what signifies whose nephew he
? He may be ne'er the worse for that — Who knows
at he may be a foundling, and a gentleman's son,
s well as Tom Jones! — My mind is resolved — and
othing shall ever alter it.
rib. Bravo, Miss Polly! — A fine generous
t, faith!
n. You're an impudent slut — You're undone —
s, Hon. Nay, but, look ye, Polly! mind me,
! — You know that I —
l. As for my poor mama here, you see, sir, she
little in the nervous way this morning —
stripling
Scrib.
You're mi
am about.
Hon. Zounds,
Scrib. Yes,
thing contrary to
Above a mouth
Polly's name
in the Fields
times, and I
— So much
— If you
on the case
Middlesex
second,

... You may depend on my con[illegible]tion. I never read of any lady's giv[illegible] to submit to the absurd election of [illegible] I'll have you let what will be the co[illegible] I'll have you, though we go through [illegible] treſses as Booth and Amelia.

Hon. Peace, huſsy!

Pol. As for you, you odious wretch how could they ever imagine that I sho such a creature? A great he-monster! soon be married to the Staffordshire gia you. You are as deceitful as Blifil, as Harlowes, and as ugly as Doctor Slop.

Led. Mighty well, miſs, mighty well!

Scrib. Prodigious humour! high fun,

Hon. She's downright raving—mad hare———I'll put her into Bedlam—— into the country——I'll have her shut u nery——I'll——

Mrs. Hon. Come, my sweeting, don' dear self so uneasy—don't——

Hon. As for you, sir [illegible]

s matter at one
daughter to-morrow
lot I, indeed, my friend! I give
in her——She'd make a terrible wife for a
tizen——Who can answer for her behaviour?
—I would not underwrite her for ninety *per*

[*Exit.*

.. See there! see there!—My girl is undone.
er character is ruined with all the world——
e damn'd story-books!—What shall we do, Mrs.
ycombe? what shall we do?

rs. Hon. Look ye, my dear, you've been wrong
very particular——

on. Wrong!——I! Wrong!——I wou'd
rs. Hon. Quite wrong, my dear!——my tenderneſs,
expose you before company——
know, is so great——But leave the whole affair
e——You are too violent——Go, my dear, go
compose yourself, and I'll set all matters to
s——[*Going, turns back.*] Don't you do any
of your own head now—trust it all to me, my
—And I'll settle it in such a manner, that you,

POLLY

My poor pa
While I, the can
We girls of
Who from
Pity our
One
I'll
Adieu

's warning, and
diately.
[*Exit.*
ave you carted
But I'll put an
ger, you shall
e.
ve up my
wife for a
ehaviour
inety per
[*Exit.*
s undone.
world——
do, Mrs.
er wrong
I
d you'd

EPILOGUE.

WRITTEN BY MR. GARRICK.

POLLY *enters, laughing*——*Ha, ha, ha!*

My poor papa's in woful agitation——
While I, the cause, feel here (*striking her Bosom*) no
palpitation——
We girls of reading and superior notions,
Who from the fountain-head drink love's sweet
tions,
Pity our parents, when such pafsion blinds
One hears the good folks rave—one never mi
Till those dear books infus'd their soft ing
Asham'd and fearful, I was all obedienc

O! did all maids — topsy-turvy —
We'd make this topsy-turvy world, husbands,
Let us to arms!—Our fathers, husbands,
Novels will teach us all the art of war.
Our tongues will serve for trumpet and for drum:
I'll be your leader—General *Honeycombe*.

Too long has human nature gone astray;
Daughters should govern, parents should obey:
Man should submit, the moment that he weds;
And hearts of oak should yield to wiser heads.
I see you smile, bold Britons!—But 'tis true——
Beat you the French;—but let your wives beat you.

END OF VOL. VI.

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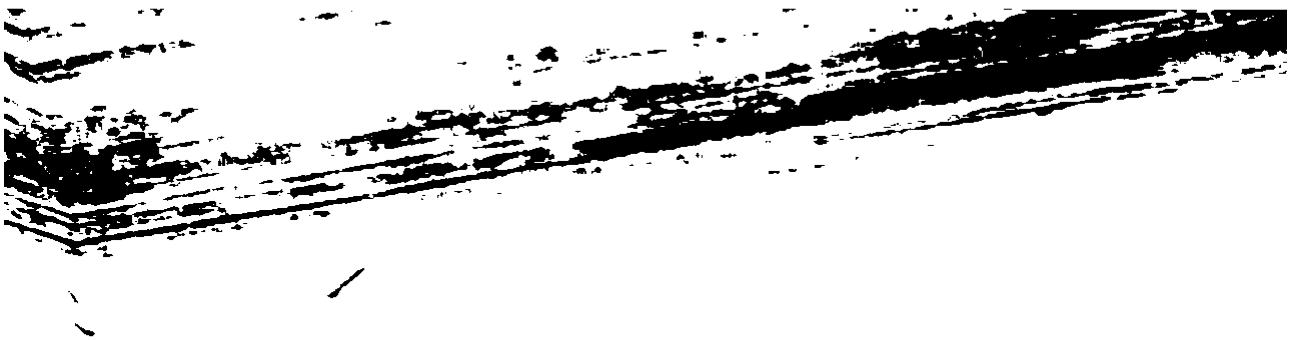
spirits feel,
o reel.
nds, dare!

for drum:

obey:
di;
do.

on.